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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 35. Price Ten Cents.

DEPARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

I forgot that all my darling ones were dead!
Yet updrifteth past my lifted window-casket
A faint trace of mignonette she used to wear;
I can see again her eyelids' dusky lashes,
And the jasemines that she twined within her hair.

What was that which flitted past my window-curtain?
Was it something that I loved, or did it seem
Like a vision of the night? 'Twas so uncertain
That it must have been the creature of a dream!
Yet the face was fair and bright, although phantasmal,
And the little hand that waved and beckoned so!
Has the distance, then, between us grown so cha-mal
That the features of the loved I may not know?

I shall follow to a land where happy-hearted
Are the loved ones that have slipped from out our hold,
Where are gathered those who from our side departed
When the Autumn days were coming, drear and cold.
It will matter little that the flower or blossom
Has been taken—that my birds from me have flown;
I shall gather them, and fold them to my bosom,
And shall clasp them, and shall know them as my own.

AIREST flowers that decked the Summer have departed
And the roses of the June have passed away.
Still I sit me here, alone and sombre-hearted,
At the closing of the bright November day:
If I smell no more the perfume of the lilies,
If the darlings of the Summer must depart,
If the Autumn in its promise drear and chill is,
Can there bloom no more a Summer of the heart?

Come, my darling, for a time, and sit thee by me;
You remind me so of one who too has fled.
'Tis a slight request that you cannot deny me!

GERONIMO,

OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

"It is working to my heart's content," muttered Turchi. "The poison is doing its duty. He is insensible; it is his eternal sleep. Life will grow extinct little by little, until sleep makes way for death. Let's be quick and forget nothing. Ah! the money first!"

He opened Julio's pocket, where he found about one hundred and twenty crowns. Having counted them hastily on the table, he murmured:

"Eighty crowns gone already? It's impossible. He has been gambling—perhaps he was robbed during the night, while he slept off the liquor in the tavern."

In his doubt he felt Julio's clothes, and finally hit upon the purse he wore at his waist, and in which he had put the twenty crowns he had destined for his mother.

"Aha!" laughed Simone; "I haven't all; I still hear the ring of gold!"

He deposited the twenty crowns with the rest of the money, and continued feeling Julio's body until he was convinced that his clothes concealed not another piece of money. Then he put the treasure into his pocket, but while he was busy gliding in the crowns a fresh doubt flashed through his mind.

"If I left all this gold on him," he soliloquized in a pensive tone, "it might be imagined that he was paid for committing the murder; but if I leave him nothing how could it be supposed he killed Geronimo in order to rob him? How much money could Geronimo have had with him? Five, six, ten crowns, perhaps. I'll leave six crowns and all this silver in Julio's pocket. And these keys? He must keep them, for how could he have come here in my absence without them? But if he were to awake in his death-struggle, and still find strength to cry out? I'll leave him all the keys except the one belonging to the house-door. Everything is closed here with iron bars, so he couldn't reach the garden even. Now we will put the poisonous vial in his doublet—no, in his waist-pocket; it will be discovered there quite as readily. Now away with these bottles, and arrange things in this room so as to avoid all suspicion of the presence of two persons here."

He hurriedly locked the bottles and glasses in the cupboard, arranged the chairs in the room, and wiped the spilled wine from the table and floor. While thus occupied he continued to himself:

"I must not delay a moment now; I must go myself to the bailiff and accuse Julio of the murder. But had I better do it this evening, though? No, they might come here and find Julio still alive. Who knows if a powerful remedy wouldn't draw him from his sleep? To-morrow! to-morrow morning. But how can I explain the affair? When and how did he reveal the crime to me? Night will bring me advice. Everything is done; I will return home and maintain a calm spirit in the presence of all."

He threw his cloak on his shoulders, took the lamp from the table and went to the door. He paused there a moment contemplating his fresh victim, then hastily descended the stairs. Below he extinguished the light and disappeared in the dark garden.

CHAPTER XI.

When Julio had left the cellar, promising to go in quest of bread, poor Geronimo had thrown himself on his knees, and remained long absorbed in prayer. Full of gratitude towards God, and almost succumbing to the joy his unlooked-for deliverance had given rise to, the young man found enough mental strength at that moment to stifle the voice of his body and curb the hunger that gnawed at his stomach.

Julio had promised to return shortly. But one hour wore away, then another and another; still the door of the cellar remained closed!

Then a terrible doubt gradually took possession of Geronimo. Had Julio met with an accident? Had he been heartless enough to abandon his victim? Had he departed for Germany with the certainty that hunger would consume what his knife had spared? The unfortunate young man had no means of calculating the run of hours. What, in the immutable obscurity of his prison, seemed a century to him, might be a short space of time, and the promised bread might appear before his eyes in a quarter of an hour, in a minute, that very instant.

It was with such reflections that Geronimo replied to the demands of his body, which writhed more and more in the agony of hunger. He glued his ear to the key-hole, held his breath, and listened, all of a tremble, for the slightest sound of approaching footsteps. Alack, nothing! and hour succeeded hour. The suffering man could delude his body and mind no longer—all hope had completely vanished. It was evident to him that his hour of deliverance had passed. He had been forsaken, given up to the cruelest of martyrdoms! He was about to die in the torments of starvation—die slowly, of ineffable pain—grapple with death on the very edge of his yawning grave. On contemplating this horrible end, the wretched man staggered to his feet, and tottered, panting and yelling, around the cellar, as though he imagined to escape thus the death that threatened him. His pierced neck, irritated by this violent and feverish agitation, caused him intense suffering; the inflamed wound in his chest burned more ardently as his breathing grew quicker and shorter; but louder than all these tortures spoke the voice of his entrails; he no longer heard anything but their cry for nourishment, and felt nothing but the poignant sting of hunger.

With contracted face, hair bristled, and howling like a ferocious beast, he rushed from one side of the cellar to the other, until he sank to the ground, exhausted and swooning, only to summon up fresh strength shortly after, and resume a struggle yet fiercer against the torments of hunger. At times he stopped short, motionless and silent, and listened, with a smile playing over his distorted features. Julio may come yet! Such was the thought that flashed once more through his sombre despair. But Julio lay above, wrapped in a deadly sleep, brought on by the poison he had imbibed unwittingly.

Hope seemed to dawn again in the soul of the young man, who had dropped anew on the very edge of his grave. The pains that had torn his entrails seemed allayed, or at least they left him some repose; his thoughts fled from the dismal prison towards all he loved on earth; but, an instant later, he gave a terrible cry as if a mortal blow had pierced his heart. He was seized with the most excruciating cramps. Writhing in horrible convulsions, tearing his bosom to quench the fire that was consuming it, he invoked God to his assistance in harrowing accents; but nothing, nothing, assuaged his shocking suffering. He filled his lugubrious prison with sighs, groans, yells; he bounded, rushed with blind fury against the immovable door, lacerating the flesh of his fingers on the low, damp vault, precipitating himself against the walls, as if hunger and the fear of death had smitten him with madness or blindness. Finally he sank to the ground with a heart-rending shriek. Crushed, exhausted, and convinced he had just undergone his final struggle, he bowed his head on his breast and clasped his hands, praying for strength to await the death that would put an end to his cruel martyrdom. He prayed long in silence. A deathlike silence prevailed about him, the dripping of the cold, damp vault and the squeak of some venturesome rat being all that disturbed the stillness at intervals. But what was it that suddenly caused the dying man to raise his head energetically in the midst of his prayer?

"Oh, my God! what is that?" he cried. "A light? a light? A voice! Someone comes! Is there still hope? Am I not to die after all? What a cruel dream! what a frightful illusion! But no, it certainly is a light; it grows larger—brighter. I surely hear a human voice. Alas! alas! this hope is more painful than death itself!"

With his eyes riveted on the door, through whose crevices there glimmered a faint light, Geronimo tottered to his feet and staggered to the wall, where he sought a support to keep him from falling. It was his intention to reach the door; but he was so agitated and weakened by his previous exertions that he felt himself incapable of going a step farther. Meanwhile the light, footsteps, and sounds of a human voice approached. Then a key rubbed against the door, as though guided by an unsteady hand seeking the keyhole. The next moment the huge door opened slowly on its creaking hinges, and Julio, frightfully pale, writhing, vacillating, appeared in the aperture. He placed his lamp on the ground with a trembling hand, and fell in a heap upon the cold clay, exclaiming in a supplicating voice:

"Oh, signor, signor! help! help! I'm poisoned—I'm burning up—oh, have pity on me! For the love of God, rid me of this torture!"

Roused to action by this appeal, Geronimo tottered to the servant's prostrate form and flung himself beside it, crying:

"Heaven! poisoned? Unfortunate man, what has happened to you? Oh, death is in your face!"

"Simone Turchi gave me poisoned wine to drink a few hours ago. He hoped to destroy with me the secret of your death. It was he who made me pay Brufferio to murder you. He wants to marry Maria Van den Werve and crush the witness that might trouble his future happiness. Ah! this poison is burning me up!"

"What can I do to save you, Julio?" broke in Geronimo. "Poor martyr, what dreadful pains you must be enduring!"

Saying this, Geronimo tore open the man's doublet and laid bare the oppressed chest that seemed to gasp for air.

"Thanks, my God! Bread! bread! my eyes see bread!" cried the young nobleman, almost crazed with joy, and seizing with his feverish hands the little loaf which Julio had hidden under his doublet and entirely forgotten since his fatal sleep.

Absorbed in gratifying his craving stomach, Geronimo did not hear Julio's fresh groans and complaints. A few mouthfuls of bread allayed his suffering, however, and he seized Julio's hands, exclaiming:

"Bless you! bless you! May the all-powerful God reward you for this boon! I wish to save you. What must I do? Let me free—I will go out, run, fly in search of a physician—a priest. The keys, the keys!"

"Alas!" said Julio in a weak and discouraged voice, "my cruel assassin took the key of the door from me. We are locked in the building. But I can't die so, with the fire of hell burning up my bowels—without confession, without the hope of redemption for my soul! Go to the floor above, signor; call for help, break down the door—crush the iron bars on the windows. Oh, summon up all your strength—do everything to save me; have pity on me; help me! help me!"

Geronimo grasped the keys, took up the lamp, hastened through the subterranean passage and ascended the stairs.

Dawn had just begun to streak the east, and the still uncertain light that entered the building appeared to the eyes of the young man, so long buried in darkness, like the full splendor of broad day. Convinced that Julio's condition required immediate succor, and rendered still more excited by his own feverish impatience and suffering, Geronimo tried all the keys on the main entrance of the house, threw back all the bars frantically, and even endeavored, in his frenzy, to tear the door from its hinges. All in vain! He rushed from room to room, flinging open the windows, violently shaking the iron bars that guarded them, and calling for help. But all his efforts were fruitless, and the country-seat stood too far from the other habitations for him to hope the sounds of his voice would be heard.

In running madly through the building in search of an issue, he came to the kitchen, where he espied a vessel full of water. With a cry of joy he sprang towards it. In his opinion, water drunk in large quantities might destroy the action of the poison sufficiently to save Julio's life. There was no other remedy to test; and as this was the only ray of hope that could appear in such a place, the young nobleman filled a stone jug in haste, and hurried with it to the cellar. Raising the servant's drooping head, he forced him to quaff the water.

"Thanks for your mercy, signor," said Julio after a pause; "but it's useless; I've already drunk so much water."

"Drink some more, I implore you. Do it for my sake, Julio—more—more yet, as much as your stomach can hold."

Julio obeyed mechanically, and emptied a good portion of the jug, until his breath failed him. Then he began to breathe hard, wiping with his hand the cold perspiration from his brow.

"Well, Julio, what effect has the water on you?" asked the young man, taking his hand. "You are better, are you not?"

"Yes—yes," murmured the servant; "the fire doesn't burn me so now."

"There is hope yet!" exclaimed Geronimo joyfully. "Be strong, Julio; have faith in the mercy of God. The Almighty lends us His all-powerful aid when all human succor is refused us."

"But my heart beats so feebly," said Julio, sighing; "I shudder so strangely. I am going to die, signor. Poison is pitiless."

"Die? No, indeed, Julio! Do you think I will let you die after the help you have given me? What shall I do? My God, what shall I try?"

"Give it up, signor," murmured the dying man; "there's no hope left; I feel it—ah! I'm partly the cause of your misfortune and cruel suffering; I pushed you into the murderous arm-chair; I tried to kill you—you, my mother's deliverer! But have compassion on me!—don't let your curse follow my poor soul beyond this life. Pardon me! pardon me!"

"Do not speak so, Julio," said the young man, fixing his tearful eyes on the face of the moribund, and following the progress of the pangs of death. "But for you, that gaping grave yonder would have swallowed me up. How! you gave me life, and imagine I would refuse to forgive you? No, no! I will pray for you, Julio; throw yourself on the bounty of God, and you will be saved ——"

"Me?" said Julio in a dying voice. "I quiver with terror at the thought of the terrible judgment waiting for me. I don't dare to hope for God's mercy; I've done nothing—nothing—to deserve it. Everything is getting dim before my eyes."

Julio rolled upon his side; the death-rattle was in his throat. Geronimo put his arm around his neck and raised his head from the ground. Julio's eyes, in which the light of life was fast ebbing away, were fixed with a strange intenseness upon the young man. The latter perceived this dying gaze, and went on fervently:

"Listen to me, Julio. You say you dare not hope for the mercy of the Almighty? Have you, then, forgotten that Jesus Christ shed his precious blood for the fallen man? Do you not know that the angels on high rejoice whenever a great sinner repents sincerely, and enters their realms triumphantly? You are penitent, are you not? You repent deeply?"

Julio made an affirmative sign with his head.

"Although I am but a young man, "if I cannot save your body from death, let me at least save your soul from the frightful torments of eternity. Julio, should it please God to prolong your life, would you renounce all evil and enter the path of virtue with courage, and the determination never to swerve from it more? You say yes? You invoke the mercy of the Almighty, do you not? You have confidence in His inexhaustible bounty? Well, Julio, raise your dying eyes to Heaven, turn your last thought on Him who is the source of all mercy, and let your soul fleet away to the last tribunal, filled with faith and hope. God is already smiling from His glorious vault on the penitent sinner."

A speechless but serene expression of hope lit up Julio's features, while he essayed to raise his glazed eyes to the skies.

"Saved! saved! His soul is saved!" exclaimed Geronimo, trembling with triumphant joy.

A slight convulsion shook Julio's frame; all his muscles were suddenly stricken with paralysis; his head fell lifeless upon Geronimo's shoulder, and he whispered in a voice nigh unintelligible:

"Mercy, O my God!"

One long, gasping breath, and all was over.

"Dead! he is dead!" cried Geronimo. "Let your soul receive this brotherly kiss as a consolation in its last journey. May this token of reconciliation weigh in the scales of the Justice eternal."

He bent over the dead man; but, as though the contact with the already icy corpse had crushed his last particle of strength, he held it in his arms an instant, and sank down upon it. Not a muscle moved; his arms fell inert by his sides, and his eyes had closed, as if his soul also had fled to the skies in order to accompany Julio's before the judgment-seat of God.

CHAPTER XII.

It was scarcely eight o'clock in the morning when Signor Deodati crossed the Kipdorp on his way to Lord Van den Werve's. The old merchant walked at a very slow gait, most of the time with his eyes lowered, and at intervals shaking his head with scorn or displeasure, which had now taken the place of harrowing grief. A cold smile hovered around the corners of his mouth ever and anon, and a bitter shrug of the shoulders told how deeply he felt the injustice practiced upon him by his false nephew.

The servant who opened the door for him introduced him into a salon and went to call his master. Deodati took a seat without saying a word, hid his face in his hands, and was so immersed in sad thoughts that he did not notice Van den Werve, who had entered precipitately.

"Good-day, signor," said the Flemish lord, bowing. "How is it that I have the honor of such an early visit? Have you any news from our poor Geronimo?"

"Bad news—bad news, Lord Van den Werve," said the old man, sighing, with tears in his eyes. "Take a seat near me, I beseech you, for I am utterly weighed down and unable to raise my voice for want of breath."

"You are really very pale, signor. Are you ill?"

"My emotion has another cause, but not less grave," replied Deodati in a rueful tone. "Day before yesterday Signor Turchi declared in your presence that Geronimo had lost a considerable sum at play, and had fled the country to escape my just wrath. Notwithstanding the boundless faith I had in Turchi, I could not bring myself to believe his disclosure. It was the books that I wanted to tell me whether his story was true or not. I spent the night in counting and recounting a dozen times, for the implacable result of my desolating calculation was so frightful that mind and heart spurned the sad truth stubbornly. The amount lost at play by my nephew is enormous."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Van den Werve. "So Signor Turchi was right in his suspicions?"

"Ten thousand crowns," said Deodati, with a deep sigh.

"Ten thousand crowns! Ten thousand crowns!" repeated the Flemish lord, raising his hands to heaven. "But it is impossible—it is a fortune of itself!"

"Yet it is so. Ten thousand crowns are wanting in my safe—in my books also; there is not the difference of a penny, not a note or memorandum to show what use this money was put to. So it was taken from the safe for other reasons than commercial matters; and as Geronimo himself told Signor Turchi he had lost a large amount at play, we cannot do otherwise than submit willingly to the sad truth. Ten thousand crowns! Is there, then, neither virtue nor honesty left on earth? A child whom I have brought up as my own son, whom I loved blindly, and for whose happy future I intended to work and watch until death claimed me! And this is the way I am rewarded for my love! Ah, believe me, signor, this heartless ingratitude pierces me like a sword!"

Lord Van den Werve gazed into vacancy, and for some moments set to thinking profoundly. Then he said gravely:

"You are very unhappy, signor, and I thoroughly understand your grief. How is it possible? To-day everything is deception and fraud. Geronimo was the personification of virtue and honesty itself; he lived so economically and conducted himself so well that any stranger would have taken him for a poor young man of a precocious mister. And this quiet, modest, and provident young man gambles away ten thousand crowns belonging to his benefactor! So his laudable conduct was but an odious hypocrisy!"

"Yet my unfortunate nephew had a pure and loving heart," murmured old Deodati. "Might not the error of a moment have blinded him? Who knows? Man encounters at times fatal temptations, which drag him on irresistibly, but to which he succumbs but once in his life."

"Why did he fly and acknowledge himself guilty? No, no, signor, there is no excuse for such acts. All my indignation is roused by the sole thought that such signal boons should be repaid by the coldest and cruelest ingratitude. Your grief is too poignant, signor, for me to refer to the outrage done my daughter. Happily, my family occupies too high a station and has too pure a name to feel the effects of such thankless acts. You must certainly understand at once, signor, that henceforth there can be no question of marriage between my daughter and your nephew. He may return and obtain your pardon, but that will not change my resolution; from to-day Signor Geronimo is a perfect stranger for me and my family—as if we had never seen him!"

The venerable Deodati looked at the irritated nobleman with moist eyes, and seemed to implore him to recall the inflexible sentence. Lord Van den Werve took his hand, and continued in a calm tone:

"But be reasonable, signor; do not let your last particle of affection blind you. What a man to enter my family who is sullied by such a deed! Shall I entrust the happiness of my good and noble child to a man who has not known how to merit the esteem of honorable men? Can I give the name of a son to a man I can no longer respect—whom I should despise because of his ingratitude towards you? Come, acknowledge with me that henceforth such a union is impossible, and let the subject drop here. This sad occurrence cannot mar our friendship, however, signor, and I hope you will continue to honor me with your visits so long as you stop at Antwerp."

The merchant shook his head silently, and replied, after some hesitation:

"Alas! I must, indeed, confess that all hope to see this honorable union realized has vanished. What a happy life Geronimo has ventured and lost on the cast of a die! I thank you, my lord, for the cordial friendship you offer me; but I cannot remain at Antwerp any longer. I will request Signor Turchi to take charge of the liquidation of my business affairs here. I will no more of business, now that I have no one to work for. I have given orders for the provisioning of my galley Il Salvatore, and I shall set sail with the first favorable wind."

"You are right, signor; the return to your beautiful country will help you to forget this misfortune promptly."

"God knows when I shall see my country again!" answered the old man, drawing a long breath and raising his eyes to the sky.

"Are you not going to Italy?" queried Van den Werve.

"No, my lord, but to England."

"In quest of your nephew? Signor Turchi intimated he had chosen that island for his place of refuge. I admire your unbounded love for a man who rejoys it so little; but you need repose, signor. Take my advice, make haste to get back to Italy, and do not shorten your life by braving the excitement that may await you in England."

"The advice is probably good and well-founded," mumbled the venerable Deodati thoughtfully, "but I cannot follow it. As guilty as he is, Geronimo is the only son of my deceased brother, whom I promised on his death-bed to watch over his child like a father. Should I forsake Geronimo entirely, might he not be prompted by want and misery to go farther astray in the path of vice? I wish to do my duty to the very last. Though I cannot love him as formerly, I can at least keep him from utter and irremissible ruin."

"How generous you are!" exclaimed Van den Werve with admiration. "At the risk of your own life, you are going to hunt up Geronimo. Oh, I clearly foresee that the first word he hears from your lips will be his pardon. And to think that such a great sacrifice, such magnanimous affection, should be rewarded thus! It is frightful!"

"No, my lord," broke in Deodati, "I shall not grant him my forgiveness. Geronimo can no longer be what he has been to me. If I find him again, or he returns to me, I will give him a yearly income sufficient to keep him from want That done, I give up all worldly occupation and retire to a convent, there to abide in meditation and peace until it pleases God to call me to Him."

Van den Werve thought he heard the street-door open. He said to the old merchant hastily:

"Signor, my daughter is at church; she may return at any moment. I beg you will not touch on this subject in her presence. Since Geronimo's disappearance she has done nothing but pray and weep—everything is powerless against her grief. Were we to break her heart by tearing all hope from her brutally, it might be her destruction. Heaven! what is that? Signor Turchi! What has happened to him?"

He rose quickly and looked with amazement towards the door of the salon. Simone Turchi stood upon the threshold; but the words seemed to stick in his throat. He was as pale as death, and his hair bristled on his head. Old Deodati had risen also, and looked questioningly at the distracted visitor.

"I went to the bailiff's," said Turchi finally, speaking very rapidly, "and found he was out. They have gone to look for him, and you may expect him here in a moment with his agents. He is to accompany me to my country-seat. I have a terrible piece of news for you. It makes me shudder to think of it. My head is completely turned; I can say nothing—especially to you, Signor Deodati. Unfortunate old man—to think that God should have reserved such a trial for your old days!"

"Another piece of ill-fortune? Speak, Simone, speak, I entreat you!" said Deodati beseechingly, half tottering towards Turchi.

Turchi threw himself upon a seat, and pursued in a broken and panting voice:

"No, signor, ask me nothing. I do not intend to break your heart by giving you this crushing blow. Alack! who could have expected such misfortune? My unhappy friend, my poor Geronimo!"

A torrent of tears gushed from the speaker's eyes, and, while Deodati and Van den Werve besought him to tell them the cause of his extraordinary emotion, he stammered in a tone of refusal:

"Let me hold my peace! Ah! despair is lacerating my heart! I must speak with the bailiff alone; he will be here directly. If there were only some room for doubt! But no, it is done; hope is dead. May the all-merciful God receive his soul!"

"When do you allude to in such a manner?" cried the venerable Deodati. "His soul? Whose soul? Geronimo's?"

Footsteps were heard in the vestibule nearing the salon. Simone Turchi started from his chair and hurried to the door with impatience.

"It must be the bailiff," he said on his way thither. "Now for the secret that is bursting my heart."

The bailiff entered the salon, looked with a stupefied air at each one alternately, and said at length to Simone Turchi, who was moaning and lamenting in an incoherent manner:

"You have brought me here at the top of my speed to hear a terrible disclosure. My agents are in the vestibule. Have you discovered Geronimo's assassins? Speak, Simone; what do you know?"

"Something so horrible that my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth every time I attempt to speak—oh, I cannot—I cannot!"

"Be calm, signor," interposed the bailiff, with great composure. "Speak plainly—what have you learned?"

"But—but—I should like to be alone with you, honored sir. Were I to break the shocking news in the presence of Signor Deodati, it might give rise to more misfortune."

The old merchant had sunk trembling on a chair. He raised his head presently with some effort, and said, with tears in his eyes and a pitiful expression of countenance:

"How cruel of you, Signor Simone! Could you tell me anything more terrible than you have told me already? You gave me to understand that my nephew was dead. Am I right? Do you wish to leave me in this horrible doubt? Out with it, out with it, signor! For the love of Heaven, out with the secret!"

"Well," resumed Turchi, pretending to concede reluctantly to the old man's wish, "God grant that the fearful news does not make your heart bleed like mine. Listen! Wait a moment; I am fairly dying of agony! There, now I can go on. You know that my servant Julio left my service suddenly, two days ago, because I had punished him severely for his misbehavior. I was alarmed at his unexpected disappearance, because I had noted a strange change in him latterly; remorse and despair seemed to be gnawing at his heart. A short while ago—scarcely half an hour—I left home to go to the Dominican church, where I usually pray for the soul of my poor friend. On the way I began thinking of Julio, when it suddenly flashed through my mind that his despair might have driven him to suicide. When near the castle-gate I was startled by the sound of a timid voice behind me calling me by name. I turned and found myself face to face with my truant servant. I began to reproach him for his desertion of my service; but he put his finger to his lips and whispered:

"'Signor, I entreat you to follow me to that bridge yonder. I have a terrible secret to tell you before I die.'

"His accent was so mysterious and striking that I felt that I must give in to him; so I followed him beyond the bridge, to a lonely spot near Coppenolle street. What he disclosed to me there almost made me die of fright. I was forced to lean against a wall to keep myself from falling; and thus, half-crazed and wild, I received the confession of a penitent assassin."

A cry of horror sprang from Deodati. Lord Van den Werve stood breathless, looking fixedly at the narrator. The bailiff was much calmer; he listened gravely and tossed his head by way of affirmation, as if he foresaw the denouement of Turchi's story.

"I scarcely dare to continue," murmured the latter. "My soul revolts at the thought of the disclosure I am about to impart to you; but I will bridle my grief and endeavor to make myself intelligible."

He went on in a calmer tone:

"Bowed down and shivering with awe and horror, I listened to the confession, which sounded to me like a death-knell.

"'Master,' he continued, 'I have committed an awful murder. Remorse is pursuing me like a curse; so I intend to put an end to my guilty days. An hour hence I will be in hell forever, but I do not wish to leave my victim's corpse to rot in unhallowed ground. Go to the cellar in your Summer-residence—at the end of the underground passage you will find Geronimo's body buried there.'"

A piercing cry reverberated in the salon. Old Deodati raised his hands to his face and shed scalding tears, while his bosom rose and fell with oppressive sobs. Turchi continued:

"'Signor Geronimo?' I exclaimed, beside myself with fright. 'What! you have killed my best friend? Impossible!' But Julio imposed silence on me with a wave of his hand, and replied:

"'Yes; I have killed Signor Geronimo in a most barbarous manner. I was in want of the necessary money to play at dice and drink in the taverns; you would not give me any; so I killed the gentleman in order to rob him of the money he had on him.'

"Before I was fully conscious of the situation, and could think of seizing Julio, he had vanished. He is probably a corpse by this time ——"

Simone Turchi interrupted himself abruptly, and exclaimed in a quivering voice:

"Heaven! I hear Maria!"

"For the love of God! not a word—not a sign!" put in Van den Werve beseechingly, and clasping his hands. "Allay your agitation, and spare her a cruel blow."

Maria Van den Werve entered the salon, questioning all present with her eyes. She had seen four or five police-officers standing near the door of the vestibule, and was startled by their presence; therefore, on entering the salon, she had questioned each face, hoping to discover the cause of their unexpected visit. But when her eyes rested on the pale and embarrassed face of her father, an ominous presentiment smote her heart. Simone Turchi had cast his eyes on the floor in gloomy despair, and old Deodati had buried his face in his hands, weeping. All around seemed to avoid her scrutinizing glance with fear.

"I implore you, Maria," said Van den Werve, recovering himself and staring at the dumb-founded girl, "to go to your room. Show me that you love me by complying with my wish. Ask no questions."

Deeply impressed by the evidences of some new misfortune which she saw around her, Maria ran towards her parent with clasped hands.

"Oh, tell me what I have to fear! What has occurred? Speak, father; set my mind at rest. Tell me that I am mistaken. No, no! they have not found Geronimo's body—have they? Yes, yes! your faces show it. He is dead!"

Throwing her arms about her father's neck, she clung to him with desperation, and reiterated her prayer for him to inform her of the truth. Van den Werve endeavored to lead the frantic girl from the room; but she tore herself away from him, and threw herself at Simone's feet, moaning:

"Pity me, signor! if you love me, tell me what has happened. Do not suffer me to leave here with the terrible conviction in my heart that he is dead!"

Turchi looked down at the beautiful pleader with eyes that seemed to burn with the dull fire of ineffable woe.

"You are implacable, inexorable, too!" cried Maria, rising quickly. "Ah! his uncle—his father—will have pity on me."

She burst into sobs and ran and threw herself upon a chair beside the old man. Then, parting the clasped hands that concealed his face, she renewed her former supplications, beseeching him, with the hot tears streaming down her bloodless cheeks, to tell her anything that would drive away the dark suspicion tormenting her. Deodati's tears flowed faster and faster, and he entwined his arms about the neck of the young sufferer, resting his hoary head upon her bosom.

"Bless you, dear child, bless you," he whispered between his sobs. "Let us pray—let us pray."

Van den Werde had quitted the salon in quest of the duenna. He returned at that moment with the old woman.

"Maria"—addressing his daughter—"rise, child, and follow your duenna; you cannot remain here any longer."

The young girl was motionless, as if petrified with grief, and appeared not to have heard her father's words.

"Go, Maria," he spoke up somewhat severely, "follow your duenna—obey me."

The young girl rose slowly, gave her hand to the old woman, and went towards the salon door. The tears flowed silently down her wan cheeks. Bowed beneath the weight of woe, she tottered and leaned so heavily on her companion's shoulder that Van den Werve started forward, fearing she would fall.

All, with the exception of the perfidious Turchi, followed her with their eyes—with hearts throbbing and moved with profound compassion. As the duenna was about to open the salon door for her mistress, a strange confusion of voices, coming from without, startled the inmates of the apartment. The duenna opened the door. On a sudden Maria recoiled, quivering, into the salon, stretching out her hands as if to turn aside a sinister apparition.

"It is his soul, his spirit!" she exclaimed, "come from the tomb to wreak vengeance on his assassins!"

She paused, passed her hands over her eyes, then cried in a voice of delirious joy:

"He is smiling at me, O my God! He lives! he lives!—Geronimo!"

Her strength failed her completely when she pronounced this cherished name, and she fell insensible into the arms of the bailiff, who, assisted by the duenna, uttering loud shrieks, carried her to a chair at hand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARIE TAGLIONI, Famous French Dancer.

For Sketch see "Amusement Annals."

A BAD BILL.

The other day a farmer's son, about fifteen years old, sold a number of live poultry to a butcher on Woodward avenue, and most of the money received was comprised in a five-dollar greenback. Yesterday he returned with the bill, saying that it was counterfeit.

"Who says this is a bad bill?" demanded the butcher as he scanned it.

"Dad does," was the reply.

"Well, we'll go to the bank and see," continued the butcher, and the pair proceeded to the nearest bank and handed the bill to the teller.

"Perfectly good," he remarked as he handed it back.

"But dad says it's bad," protested the youth.

"How does he know it is? Where is his authority for saying so? How does he tell a bad greenback from a good one?" rapidly questioned the bank official.

"Well, he spread 'er down on the table," slowly replied the boy, "and he gits his nose close to it, and he looks at the picture, and he turns it over and looks at the printing, and he holds 'er up afore the lamp and squints at the figgers, and he measures around with a brass-rule and holds the bill off a leetle, and then he takes a last squint and yells at me: 'Here, you brickbat of a knownothing! You've went and let one of them city fellows knock all your front teeth clear through the back of your head!' That's the way he tells."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.—Experiments in driving by electricity have been made in France. An electro magnet is placed beneath the coachman's seat, from which one wire is carried along the reins to the horse's bit, and another to the crupper, so that the whole length of the spine forms part of an electric current. A sudden shock, which the driver can administer at discretion, will, it is said, arrest the most furious runaway.

COMPENSATION OR RETRIBUTION?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY GAT[illegible] BRITTLE.

There are trials many to bear
In law practice everywhere,
As many an attorney has discovered to his cost;
Of these, one most provoking
Is with a dull and poking
Witness, who, while knowing least, pretends to know the most.

If there be one worse than this,
It is with witnesses
Who know too much for both sides, and are given to tort;
Who, for plaintiffs and defendants,
Talk with rasping independence,
And help to have your client's cause "admitted out o' court."

Then the witness who mutter,
And, still worse, those who stutter,
Are trials so e that crop out more or less on every hand
But doubly hard to bear
Are witnesses who scare,
And stutter in a language that you do not understand.

There are judges hard of hearing,
Short of sight, or domineering;
Opposing counsel impudent and puffed up with conceit;
Grandiloquent debaters,
Like mythologic satyrs,
Devoid of souls, are only those that underline their feet.

Where do the lawyers go
Who have borne with these below?
Do they plead celestial causes in the court beside the Throne?
Or, disbarred from court supernal,
Stand they dumb in court infernal,
Where forever they must suffer for what evil they have done?—

In that ever blazing ocean,
Where was never argued motion,
Where reports and charges burst in clouds of sulph'rous smoke;
Where, denied their pleasant foil,
They must forever broil
With Blackstone prone on red-hot coals, or Littleton on Coke?

Or do they taste of glory
In some legal purgatory,
Where altercations innocent, but noisy, never cease;
Where, for their deathless, ghostly clients
They plead and shout defiance
In a court that ever stands, like Tyre, "in a litigious peace?"

BOSS TWEED'S FURTHER CONFESSIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WILLIE GILL.

[EDITORIAL REMARKS.—To obtain information ahead of all other journals has invariably been our aim; and we are able to say, proudly, that we have always succeeded, save and except when some other journal has got ahead of us. *The Herald* blew several extra-loud trombones, squeaked many warlike fifes, and vigorously beat a number of Brobdingnagian

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

FRANK J., Montreal.—1. A is on first base; B at the bat, sends the ball over centre-fielder's head; whereupon A starts for second, and then for third, but, before reaching third, he hears cries of "Foul, foul," which induce him to return to first (via second); when ball-way back to first B tells him it is a fair ball. A then crosses the diamond and reaches third in safety, where he remains. B going to second. Now, the question is, was A obliged to touch second on his second trip to third? Mind, the ball was not chasing him. The umpire declared him out for not retouching second. 2. Can players who have been discharged for throwing games play in League nines the season after their dismissal?.....1. The decision of the umpire was correct. He had no right to cross the diamond under any circumstances; in base-running his place is to run bases, and return only in accordance with the rule. 2. No baseball players expelled by either the League, League Alliance or International Association can play in any professional team in any season until they have been honorably reinstated by the Association which expelled them. 3. They are.

F. J. K.—"I bet that McClellan gets 12,000 majority in New Jersey." Conceding that he has already 13,200 majority over Newell, do I win or lose?".....The language here either means a majority of all the votes cast for the office, for which McClellan was one running, or it means nothing. G. E. N. knows that it means something, and he knows that McClellan did not get 12,000 majority in New Jersey, no matter what he may have bet his pile on. A majority is majority, and a qualified majority (that is, over Newell alone), which latter G. E. N. may have meant, are different things. It is not what a bet says he meant, but what he actually said, which must govern, except when his language is vague.

NO SIGNATURE, Newark.—"A bets B that McClellan will carry the State by 12,000. Who wins?".....The language of this bet is indefinite, and we can only guess at the meaning of the parties, which we assume to be that McClellan would or would not lead every other competitor by at least 12,000 votes. If McClellan led his next highest competitor by that number, A wins. See answer to "G. E. N."

KING OF CLUBS, Lonisville.—1. The salary would depend entirely upon the reputation and merit of the performer. Say from $25 per week upwards. 2. You would find it difficult to get an engagement, as there are plenty of recognized professionals on that line. If you wish to try your success, offer to play for nothing a few nights at some variety theatre; and if you succeed, then try and get engagements.

READER, Montgomery.—1. A must be "assisted." He cannot go "alone" on the logical supposition that his partner, who has said he would "assist," has about all the good trumps he himself lacks. In other words, when a player exposes the strength of his hand, his partner cannot take advantage of it. 2. Same answer. C, in making the trump, is again exposing the strength of his hand.

PATRON, Ithaca.—First of all, the story is presumptively not the property of the author, but of the journal that published it originally. Assuming that you have the legal right to republish it, you transgress accidental, unwritten law in depriving the journal of due credit; and in translating and publishing it without the consent of both journal and author, you transgress another moral law.

BEN VAN BUREN, Saratoga.—Was the occasion of the first visit of the steamer Great Eastern to New York she came by way of Sandy Hook, and on a later trip she came through Long Island Sound as far as Flushing Bay, where her passengers debarked and were brought to the city by rail, the steamer having been injured by striking a rock off Montauk Point.

FRED. BALDWIN.—Joe Coburn and Jim Mace did not fight at or near St. Louis. Joe struck Jim in the latter's house in Twenty-third street, this city, Nov. 19, 1879, and they met twice in the prize-ring the following year, once in Canada (no blows struck) and again at Bay St. Louis, Miss. (a draw.)

FRED. Lawrence.—1. Evan Morris, of Pittsburg, Pa. 2. Courtney is a professional. 3. Courtney of the amateur scullers' race at the Centennial regatta, he not having joined the professional ranks until this year. 4. Stanton and Courtney have never rowed against each other.

PRINTER, Toronto.—1. Ordinarily, six presses; but sometimes seven. 2 This is equivalent to asking for the circulation, which we never give as to any paper. All we are at liberty to say is that the first-press start runs usually for an hour and three-quarters, and that no other press runs so long.

A. F., Quincy.—You had better make application to some manager visiting your city, who may give you a chance to appear. Davis & Co. of Cincinnati (167 Vine street) are the only agents who make a specialty of treating with novices.

J. D. D., Elmira.—1. At the draw game of dominoes the player can draw as many pieces as he pleases, even though he already has one that matches. 2. A euchre player who forces what the player to his should say nothing about it. He'll find out just as well by keeping his mouth shut.

MISS E. L., Petrolia.—1. You will find it difficult to get an engagement, as you have had no experience. Apply to the manager of some company visiting your town. 2. Not married. 3. Married to a non-professional lady, who does not wish her name made public.

H. L. S., North Adams.—The player who needed but one, gave three, and made high-jack game is out, provided that the three points given did not go to K. or D. You have not said who got them. It was probably W., the dealer.

W. P. LATHAM, Cleveland.—1. Hon. John Morrissey was born at Templemore, Tipperary, Ireland. 2. Send 50 cents to Ed. James, at above address, for "The Barkeeper's Guide." 3. It is of no account.

CHAS. A. ATKINS, New Haven.—Lightfoot had no power to name his successor, but when he resigned the position of Stanhope champion the title was open to competition by all who aspired thereto.

S. A. DE G., High Falls.—1. Upon proper security being given, Mr. Edward Fox, 740 Broadway, this city, can probably supply you with the wigs, and Mr. Eaves, 806 Broadway, with the other articles. 2. No relation.

LUNCHER, Baltimore.—P is entitled to them, if his own hand has not neither more nor less than the requisite number of cards. A misdeal should be claimed by the nondealer before he plays a card.

S. J. A. M., Winfield.—1. If the child be a male, and born here, he can become eligible, no matter who his parents are; if he was born abroad, of parents not American citizens, he cannot become eligible.

FRED. L., Lenox.—1. Can only be decided by all parties agreeing. Any player, when the cards have run out at seven-up, can call for a new deal, although up to that point only the beggar and the dealer have a voice.

J. O. M., Phila.—You lose. A, 1,000 miles were walked in 1,000 consecutive hours (a mile and a half in each hour) by Wm. Gale. No pedestrian has yet done one mile each hour for 1,300 consecutive hours.

W. P. ROGERS, Milwaukee.—The printed statement does not give dates or place of playing. Send on record of single-figure games, in order of merit, with the above-mentioned conditions supplied, and we will publish it.

CHAS. B. A., West Warren.—1. We do not know the person you name. 2. The best fifty-mile walking time is 8h. 19m. 55s.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, Mahoning.—C loses. B's high, no matter when played, counted before C's low, and made B 14.

J. W., Town Creek.—There never was a Hoyle on poker. According to the book called "American Hoyle," a straight will beat three of a kind.

R. M., Deadwood.—A player who has a deuce and an eight in his hand can build his partner's pile of "six" to "eight" by adding his deuce.

W. C. S., New Haven.—It is in charge of the Board of Education of this city, and is not designed for non-residents.

DAVE, Macon.—She is said to have been born Feb. 19, 1836, and has been on the stage since she was thirteen years of age.

NITRAM.—He never acted in "Rosedale" in this city. The author of the drama is the only person who ever played Elliot Gray in this city.

C. L.—You would have to procure a license wherever you exhibited. The fee varies so much in different localities that we can give you no correct idea of the amount.

KINGSTON.—Send $1.25 to this office, and you will receive address, for "Manual of Sporting Rules" and "Modern Athletics," which contain all the information you wish.

MARBLEHEADER.—We know nothing of the party mentioned further than that he has no claim to the title of light-weight champion.

ITALY DEPUTY.—A pine stick, finely pulverized charcoal, anything else that will make a black mark, are very bad, apply to a dentist and save time and trouble.

OLD READER, Newburyport.—July 18 fell on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in 1840 (leap-year), 1811, 1822 and 1833.

C. L.—Both are written in rather awkward English, but the second is the better form of the two. A business letter-writer would assist you.

TWO GYMNASTS.—It is purely a matter of opinion. 2. The salary you would command would depend entirely upon your reputation and ability.

C. S. H., Toronto.—No official time having been taken, and private time having no bearing on the matter, the bet cannot be decided, and the money must be drawn.

FIDDLESTICK.—1. The deal alternates. 2 If he cannot deal three, to himself and three to others, it is foul.

J. S. McC., Phila.—S. S. Rankin and Dominick Bradley fought at Point Abino, Canada, Aug. 1, 1857.

H. B. L., Bernice.—Yes; a player can show a flush, when it is agreed to admit such a hand into the game, will beat four aces.

S. W., Boston.—Reputed to have been born in Ireland, and to have first appeared in New Orleans.

H. S., San Francisco.—There is no correction to be made. It was the lady's professional name that we gave.

JOE. Lowell.—Rice had to have 3,000 more than all the rest put together.

W. S., New Orleans.—The cards, in cutting for deal, have the same value as in the game about to be played.

CONSTANT READER, Salt Lake.—The parties could not build that way.

W. B. W., Philadelphia.—1. At Hayward's, California. 2. Cannot say.

C. C. S., Camden.—In 3, 4, 5, 4, the player of the last four could not get a "run" of six.

S. B., Galveston.—At American vingt-un, ties with the dealer are a stand-off.

BOWERY, Brooklyn.—There is not a run of seven in 6, 3, 6, 5, 1, 2, 4. There is a run of six.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Richfield.—A player who has built "seven" cannot alter it to ten or to anything else.

C. M.—A need not display his heart. The ace of hearts calls for a spade only, spades being trumps.

SPORT, Oil City.—C won, with his low jack, if the game was 11.

J. AND B.—At muggins, a player cannot draw when he can play.

JIM.—The jack, which is the highest card at euchre, is highest in cutting for deal at that game.

SEVERAL READERS.—A sequence of five is due from a play of 4, 4, 6, 2, 5, 3.

C. V. L., Baltimore.—The last we heard of him (some weeks ago) he was en route to San Francisco, Cal.

S. W., Poughkeepsie.—Thank you, but we do not require it.

ADVERTISER.—At Rowell's or Pettengill's advertising agency.

R. SENGER, Cincinnati.—We did not publish any such letters.

NORSTA.—Address him at the new American Museum, Bowery, near Hester street, this city.

REN S. C., Washington.—Scores of single-figure games will be acceptable.

MRS. L. G., Edgefield.—We have advertised your letter for him.

W. T. W., Sigourney.—Partially; the prologue of "The Streets of New York" was taken from that novel.

A. A. B. H., Baltimore.—We have advertised your letter for him, as we have no knowledge of his whereabouts.

R. C., Columbus.—You can purchase them at Scott Bros., Fulton street, near Broadway, New York.

C. L., Dodge City.—Neither of the quartets now traveling contain a lady of that name.

PACHUCO.—A. M. Schacht, 175 Allen street, New York, can supply you with anything in that line.

NO SIGNATURE.—We think not. See the bills of the various theatres.

DAVID BROCK, Lafayette.—The steamship Great Eastern first arrived at New York June 28, 1860.

OPERATOR.—They will rest for a short time. Due notice will be given of their appearance in Brooklyn.

R. E., Detroit.—1. Not married. 2. Send to Ed. James, as per his advertisement.

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—You cannot get engravings of him in either.

BLOOKS.—Apply to R. M. De Witt, 33 Gold street, or S. French & Son, 122 Nassau street, this city.

R. B., Chicago.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15cts.

P. K., Boston.—Yes; a player can have two builds at once.

TROJAN.—Hon. John Morrissey was born on Feb. 5, 1831.

L. B. W., Leeds.—Yes; a ball dozen different versions.

T. N., Galveston.—This century ends on Dec. 31, 1900.

W. H. W. Jr.—He is living in retirement in this city.

ALFRED COOK.—Jim Mace was born April 8, 1831.

A. W., Camden, N. J.—1. It is still here. 2. Yes.

ELEVEN YEARS READER, The Mounds.—Yes.

J. A. R.—Address him at Saugerties, N. Y.

A. S., Louisville.—It is a matter of opinion.

A AND B.—If, falling to get eleven, loses.

W. A., Kingston.—A is out on the sweep.

BUTCHER, Oil City.—Born Nov. 7, 1847.

THOMAS, Galveston.—Over, of course.

JOHN F. W., Burlington.—Have not.

SANTA FE, New Mexico.—A wins.

WE NOTICE that, since the cent dining saloons have sprung up in this city, the business at Delmonico's, the Gilsey, the Brunswick, and other high-toned restaurants has been seriously effected. Look out for a crash uptown.

"OUR JIM" wants to know if England hasn't ministers enough of her own, without our sending Minister Field over there. We pacify him by stating that brother Walsh's ministrations will be on the American plan.

PARTIES who have old sleighs they wish to dispose of, had better put them in order at once; for should the weather be favorable, a fall of snow may be looked for at any time now. This is confidential.

HOGS are ripe, and thousands of them may be seen wending their way to this market,

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1878.

Such of our patrons as desire to insert their cards in the next edition of THE ALMANAC will find rates and other particulars on the first column of the eighth page. The valuable features of our annual, which make it a book of constant reference and insure it a very large and extended circulation, are now so well known to our readers that it is hardly necessary to call their attention to its value as an advertising medium. The completeness and accuracy of its astronomical calculations and the numerous items of useful information, with the interesting sketches, poems and artistic engravings which it contains, make it popular with the general public; while the theatrical and sporting chronologies, records of fastest time and baseball reviews have caused it to be considered a text-book among professional people and with those interested in outdoor amusements. Our friends of the variety theatres will also find it a valuable directory for their names, lines of business and addresses.

THE ARTIST AND THE CRITIC.

It is an unfortunate thing that men and women, and more especially those men and women who follow art, are apt to take offense at honest criticism. In the over-sensitiveness of their natures they confound strictures upon their work with personal attacks. Now, it does not follow, because a man is a bad painter or a worse actor, that he is himself unworthy of esteem. Dr. Holland is said to be a companionable gentleman, and he is certainly deserving of credit for the success he has achieved; but Dr. Holland cannot write poetry. When, therefore, he reads a caustic criticism of one of his books, the Doctor should remember that it is Holland as a poet, and not Holland as a man, who is dissected. To draw this distinction—that is, to separate one's self from his work—is a difficult task. To listen to censure directed against the artist's effort wounds his pride as deeply as though the shafts were aimed at him personally. If you tell a musician that he knows nothing of music, he understands you to mean that he knows nothing of anything, and he takes offense accordingly.

If all criticism were sugar-coated flattery it would be worse than worthless. Take the stage for an illustration. Of what possible value would the opinion of any professed critic be if he meted out fulsome praise to every performer in equal doses? Absurd as this appears, it would be doing only what the performers themselves demand when they denounce merited censure. We may assume that perfection was never yet reached in any branch of art. However well a work is done, it is possible to conceive of its being done better. The question to determine is, at what point shall the standard be fixed? Where shall censure end and praise begin? If this question can be answered, satisfactorily at least to the mind of the critic himself, then his work is plain and easily accomplished. With certain fixed rules at his command, he can work out the problem readily. He can decide upon the merits of a performance and point out its defects in a few plain words. But to possess himself of these fixed rules—there's the rub. Could they be written down in a book and committed to memory, as are the rules of arithmetic and grammar, dramatic criticism might be mastered by a schoolboy. As it is, the critic must equip himself for his work by study, observation and comparison. Even then he will fail unless he possesses a keenly analytical mind and the power to express his opinions candidly. This last faculty is the rarest of all. Strange as it seems, the most difficult thing in the world is for a man to tell whether he is pleased or not. And to rid the mind of prejudice is a giant's task. Here, then, we find the barrier to honest criticism. The artist is unable to separate himself from his art; the critic is still less able to dissociate the performance from the performer.

This state of affairs is to be regretted. No conscientious actor should take offense at just criticism. It may be severe, and still just. The first step towards improvement is to discover one's faults. To have these pointed out is of inestimable benefit, and, instead of rousing resentment, it should awaken gratitude. The power has not yet been given us to see ourselves as others see us. Probably it never will be in this world. An actor's failings may be glaringly conspicuous to others, while being invisible to his own eyes. He should hold that person a friend who calls attention to faults which may be overcome. It is not the critic who is too exacting, but art. A man does not fly into a passion at the jeweler who tells him that the watch which he purchased for gold is brass. Well, it is the critic's business, if he be honest with himself and worthy of his calling, to point out the gold and discover the brass. It is his business to praise what is good and to condemn what is bad. For doing this, he should be recognized as a true friend to art. The object of his criticism will not suffer in the end, if the criticism itself be unjust. The actor or playwright who believes that he has been unfairly treated may appeal to a higher court than that of individual opinion. He may lay his case before the public, and he will be pretty sure to have his wrongs righted. THE CLIPPER would put forth a plea for a better understanding between actors and critics. Let the former profit by advice which is offered only in a spirit of kindness, and let the latter remember that petty personal prejudices have no place in an honest estimation of art.

THE VANDERBILT will case has engaged our serious attention for several days past; we feel sad for Billy, and there is a spasm of sympathy for the other members of the family who have set the skeleton on its legs. And we have thought a good deal about Gilman, and Gale, and Tweed; and from our distracted brain we have elicited the fact that the difference between a rich man who has sent his "help" away and a convict who has ended his term in jail is, that one has *sent out his servants* and the other has *served out his sentence!* The learned reader may declare that he fails to see the connection. Aye, that's the strange part of it.

WE COULD find no fault with those gentlemen who, during the Summer-like days of the past week, resurrected their linen dusters, and sought to entice the white hat from its camphoretted incloasure on the top shelf. Neither was the Broadway stage-driver to be censured for doffing his coat, and performing his jehuitical duties in his shirt-sleeves. That the small boy should hie him to the rural districts in search of a second crop of cherries is not to be wondered at. We expected to see swimming parties enjoying themselves in the noble Hudson, but the police threw cold water on their anticipated pleasure.

WE STARTED to make a first-class joke one day last week; we proposed to say that the cigar-makers' strike, like their cigars, would be likely to end in smoke; but for the next six days every newspaper that we took up contained the same thing, some of 'em even going so far as to say that no other paper had the news! Of course our bit of pleasantry had to be thrown away, as we dislike very much to make jokes which other funny people have used.

WHILE TAKING IN an athletic exhibition a few days ago, the following beautiful thought suggested itself to our thinking mind: There's some resemblance between a *hop* and a *slop*, but not between a *hopper* and a "*skipper*," though one *grinds the corn*, and the other "*grinds*" *his men*, sometimes, and both are handy in a *mill!* And here we beg to remark that the agriculturists of the great West are beginning to rake in the sinews with which to "move the crops."

AN ENTERPRISING MAN might do well by giving his attention to the breeding of foxes for the huntsmen of Long Island. They have had great difficulty over there in getting a fox suitable for their purpose, not one that they have tried going off with a free-and-easy gait, but all seeming to have an idea that they were to follow the hunters, which is wrong, and calculated to interfere with the sport!

GENTLEMEN who make it their business to break into stores to steal should exercise sobriety if they wish to succeed in their vocation. A pair of burglars were caught in their industrious operations a few nights ago through a disregard of the laws of temperance while on duty. This should serve as a warning to all intemperate burglars.

SAYS No. 1 "Needle" to No. 2: "If you get there before I do, just tell them I am coming too!"

IT IS "in the papers" that a well-meaning woman recently presented her husband with a fourth set of quartets at a birth. Where there is no war to kill off the surplus population, such women ought to be compelled to take out a license and pay a poll-tax, we think.

THIS IS a bad season for savings-banks—they seem to be tumbling down in every direction, and none of the officers commit suicide. If we only had trustful companies to insure us against loss by savings-institutions, we could live quite happily.

POOR PEOPLE have one advantage over such men as the late Commodore Vanderbilt—they can die in the happy knowledge that they leave no wills to be fought over by surviving relatives.

OUR VOICE is *still* for war; and yet we favor that policy which keeps our army at twenty-five thousand. It has ever been a living principle with us to prepare for peace in time of war.

IT IS not true that G. F. Train is about to leave for Turkey to be made a pacha of many tales. It is an idle tale, intended to get our Train off the American track.

THERE is evidently something of the Heathen-Chinee order in the silver bill now before Congress, it is so childlike and *Bland*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Nov. 12: Roscoe Conkling declared in the Senate that *The New York Herald's* interview was somewhat mixed.....A boiler explosion on the steamer Tom Morgan, lying near Greenville, Miss., killed the captain and engineer.....Albany's County Treasurer was arrested on a charge of attempting to bribe inspectors of election.....Senator Voorhees took his seat in the Senate.....August Stalen was struck by a locomotive at Elizabethport, N. J., and killed.....City news: Henry Hausmann of Chrystie street shot his three children and himself; Eveline T. Stuart, who was married six months ago and who was highly connected, poisoned herself because her husband drank; Francisco Marquez, a commission merchant, committed suicide by shooting; Thomas Pennington, who said he came from Philadelphia, accused George Hensey of shooting him through the head—George said attempt was suicidal; Dennis McGrath died in the being run over by a truck at Fulton Ferry; cigar manufacturers determined to employ women; five saloon-keepers were held in bail to answer to the charge of selling liquor on Sunday.....Jas. Devlin, who murdered John Betz in Brooklyn Sept. 28, was surrendered to the police.....An attempt was made in Mexico City, Mex., to rob a graveyard.....By cable: A torpedo-boat exploded in the harbor of Buenos Ayres, killing eleven persons; a big battle was announced as in progress before Plevna.....The trial of Congressman Carpenter for forgery was begun at Columbia, S. C.....Fires: The North Point Dock warehouse at San Francisco, Cal., loss $650,000; several buildings at Kennebunkport, Me., loss over $30,000; Barber & Co.'s store at Pownal, Vt.—loss $8,000.

*** Nov. 13: The Ponca chiefs were presented with medals because they have not been meddlesome.....Dr. J. V. Lansing of Albany, N. Y., mistook Charles Clapper for a target and shot him through the heart.....The Italian Consul in Columbia, S. C., occupied two hours in finding Congressman Carpenter guilty of forgery.....A locomotive and four cars went through a draw-bridge at Goodspeed, N. H.....After six years' litigation, the court at Williamsport, Pa., decided that Bishop O'Hara had no right to remove Father Stack.....Frederick Krister of Jersey City killed himself while gunning.....A land slide in the tunnel of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, near Cumberland, Md., did heavy damage.....A misplaced switch on the Poughkeepsie, Hartford and Boston Railroad, near the State line, threw an engine from the track and fatally injured Conductor Frederick Smith.....Jacob Wetzel, charged with stealing a gold watch, died in the Baltimore Jail.....Michael Lahey, Patrick Connor and John Malia were indicted for murder at Wilkesbarre, Pa.....Intelligence was received of the loss of the schooner Berlin of Buffalo, N. Y., on Lake Michigan. Four of the crew perished.....City news: Ida Vanderbilt was acquitted—no news: John Manning was arrested on a charge of searching for his wife to shoot her; a dinner was given to the sculptor, W. W. Story, at the Union League Club; the Rev. Dr. Crosby denounced the Law and Order League; Edward G. Otto for the murder of Edward A. Harrington was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment; Hugo Lohman, a Second-avenue druggist, was found dead in his bed.....By cable: The steamer City of Montreal arrived at Queenstown and reported the loss of a boat and one seaman while attempting to rescue the crew of a disabled ship; Osman Pasha declined an invitation to surrender.....Fires: Newman's hardware manufactory on West Twenty-third street, this city—loss about $100,000.....The ringleaders of the Baltimore riot were convicted.....George Adjutant, in a drunken fight at Wolfboro, N. H., killed his mother-in-law.....Three drowning cases occurred in Baltimore.

*** Nov. 16: Sixty-six women convicts were transferred from Sing Sing to the Kings County Penitentiary. They sang all the way.....Before Frank Rande, a murderer, could be arrested in a St. Louis pawn-shop he shot a policeman, and received a serious wound himself.....Burglars stole $1,500 worth of rags at Franklin, N. J. Believed to be rag-money.....Two men were arrested in Jersey City for robbing a church in Avondale, N. J.....A Brooklyn policeman saved Anna Friel's life after she had eaten Paris-green, and was cursed for his trouble. She was fair, but Friel.....The schooner Florence was wrecked off Cape May.....Tennessee got a violent dose of earthquake.....Logue, the musician who murdered Langdon at Fortress Monroe, was arrested near Yorktown, Va. He traveled incog.....The principal of a Brooklyn public school was arraigned in court for flogging a pupil.....Thos. Harmon fell from the steam-tug Narragansett at Jersey City, N. J., and was drowned.....'Boot' Alexander, a convicted murderer, escaped from a mob who had taken him from the Albany freeshorough Jail, Tenn., to hang him.....City news: Ellen Howe stole her own child from the people who had adopted it: Mathias O'Brien, tired of life out of prison, stabbed Hugh Mallon in a Sixth-avenue barroom; William Vincent, who said he was innocent as a child unborn," was sentenced to five years in Sing Sing for burglary: the fight for Vanderbilt's millions progressed.....By cable: Grant dropped tears on Thiers' grave; famine desolated Brazil; two of the French Deputies fought a duel.....Fires: A dwelling-house near Norfolk, Va., in which three children perished; the Washline factory at Salisbury, Ct.; a second fire broke out in the Lester & Leiter's establishment at Chicago.....B. P. Corbin, once a prosperous jeweler, shot himself in a Mount Vernon barroom.....The three savings-banks at Reading, Pa., closed their doors.

*** Nov. 17: The bill fixing the army at 25,000 men, as amended by the Senate, passed the House.....George Bask and James Johnson were killed in the Dismal Swamp, N. J., by lightning.....William Fletcher was lost overboard from the tug Terror when off Watch Hill.....Cora Young, on trial at Auburn, N. Y., for shooting her paramour, was acquitted. Nothing like being a woman—and Young.....The People's Saving-Institution of Newark, N. J., suspended.....Ex-Judge Russell slapped Judge Morrell's face in the streets of Brownsville, Texas. Brownsville is a Morrell place.....Two hundred of the captured Nez Perces arrived at Bismarck, D. T.....The trial of the whiskey-fraud cases was begun in Chicago. Good place to try whiskey.....A mutiny broke our on board the ship Maria Sidenberg, lying at New Orleans.....With half a bushel of counterfeit coin in his possession, James Johnson was arrested at Hart's Falls, N. Y. James has hidden his light under a bushel.....City news: John Draddy shot Robert De Witt at a dance in Glass Hall, East Thirty-fourth street; over a game of cards in a Watts-street saloon, James McDonald was stabbed by Michael Chambers; Thomas Quinn and Abraham McDonald, distinguished handlers of the "jimmey," fell into the clutches of the law; Isaac Samuels, whose dead body was supposed to have been found in an Essex-street cellar, turned up in time to prevent his own funeral; Henry Waterson was entertained by the Lotos Club.....Conrad Poppenhusen, the railroad magnate of Long Island, asked to be adjudicated a bankrupt.....By cable: Gen. Skobeloff was reported wounded; the Sultan declared that he had had enough of war.....The Borden Mill, No. 1, at Fall River, Mass., was completely destroyed by fire, the estimated loss being $450,000. Over 400 hands were thrown out of employment.

*** Nov. 18: Alexander Sayers shot his wife in St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia.....A passenger on the Hudson-river Railroad announced at Poughkeepsie that he had been robbed of $1,000 in a sleeping-car. Lightning struck a house in Ware, Mass. Beware of lightning.....Alfred Korn, a book-keeper in a Staten Island brewery, shot himself through the heart at Stapleton.....The Rev. Nicodemus Dickson, a colored preacher, was arrested in Williamsburg, L. I., on the charge of being a father and not a husband.....The bodies of two unknown men were found floating in Gowanus Bay, Brooklyn.....Blood on his shirt-bosom and $80 in his pocket led to the arrest of Samuel Johnson on suspicion of having murdered Jacob Parker near Amsterdam, N. Y.....Mrs. Lingfelt of Marne, Ia., threw herself and infant child into a well, where both were drowned. Sometimes all's not well that ends well.....Incoming vessels reported terrible gales on the ocean.....City news: Oakey Hall announced himself a lecturer; burglars worked to such good advantage in the banking-office of D. & D. W. Morgan, Third avenue, that they walked off with $13,000 in bills, stamps and securities—and all in broad daylight; a tablet to the memory of Bishop James was unveiled in the John-street Methodist Church; James Donovan was found dead in the Oak-street Police station; Catharine Murray, while paying a visit to a friend, fell dead in the latter's house; twelve-year-old Wm. C. Palmer returned to his father's house after six months' wandering, and partook of the fatted calf.....By cable: The Russians captured Kars; a Pole, who was suspected of intending to assassinate Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, was arrested in Berlin. Fires: *The Daily Dispatch* building at Pittsburg, Pa.—loss about $50,000; the building No. 159 Bank street, this city—loss $2,000.....Charles Simmons, switch-engineer, was killed on the New York Central Railroad at East Rochester.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AYRES, Henry S.—A well-known merchant of this city. He committed suicide, owing, it is thought, to mental depression produced by disease—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 11.

BLODGETT, Foster—Well known throughout the State of Georgia. He was connected with the financial operations of Bullock, Kimball and others, and was a defendant in the suits brought against them—Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 12.

BANGS, George S.—Until recently superintendent of the Railway Mail Service. He was a native of Milan, O., and spent his early life at the printer's case. Then he tried farming, and later became the editor of *The Aurora, Ill., Bulletin* which he made a success. In 1861 President Lincoln appointed Mr. Bangs postmaster of Aurora. In 1864 he was made assistant superintendent, and in 1869 general superintendent of the Railway Mail Service. He conceived the idea of fast mail trains, which were first run Sept. 16, 1875, from New York to Chicago. Resigning his position in 1876, Mr. Bangs was made Assistant U. S. Treasurer at Cuicago, and afterwards became connected with the American Express Company—Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, aged 52.

BOUDIN, Paul—Formerly a Senator and Minister of France. He entered political life at an early age, and was a member of the Chamber of Deputies from 1834 to 1848. In 1863 he was called to the Ministry of the Interior, and two years later he was appointed to the Senate, of which body he became one of the Vice-presidents—Paris, Nov. 12, aged 85.

BULLOCK, Darius—An old member of the Bradford County, Pa., bar, and at one time presiding Judge of that Judicial District. He began the practice of his profession in 1818—East Smithfield, Pa., Nov. 15, aged 87.

CHAPMAN, Lyman L.—An old Philadelphia physician—at that city, Nov. 15, aged 75.

COATES, John—A successful Philadelphia merchant, prominently identified with the Masons, Oddfellows and Society of St. George—Manayunk, Pa., Nov. 12, aged 55.

COBBETT, Miss—Eldest daughter of the late William Cobbett, author of "The Political Register.".....Philadelphia, and remained with her father during his imprisonment in Newgate for libel. She acted for years as his amanuensis—London, Eng., Oct. 26, aged 82.

COOLBAUGH, William F.—One of the best-known citizens of Chicago, and president of the Union National Bank in that city. He was formerly engaged in banking at Burlington, Ia., and for eight years was a member of the Iowa State Senate. In 1862 he removed to Chicago, and established the banking-house of Coolbaugh & Co., which afterwards became the Union National Bank. He was a prominent Democratic politician, and held various offices of trust. He committed suicide by shooting, the supposed cause being despondency—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 13, aged 56.

EGGLESTON, Darius—A highly-respected merchant of Cincinnati. He was the senior member of the firm of Eggleston, Henners & Co., which has houses in both Cincinnati and Chicago—Cincinnati, O., Nov. 13, aged 56.

GRAY, Henry Peters—One of the foremost artists of this country. He early developed a talent for art, and obtained his first instruction from Daniel Huntington, the present president of the National Academy. In 1838 he accompanied that gentleman to Europe, where he remained two years, during which time he visited Florence, Rome, Milan, and other art centres. While at Rome he executed three important works, which at once established his reputation as an artist. These were entitled "The Roman Girl," "Thou Art Gone," and "Begging the Secret." In 1842, at the age of 23 years, he was elected a National Academician, and was subsequently elected vice-president of the Academy in 1861, succeeding to the presidency of Daniel Huntington, whom he succeeded. He has always made his home in this city, but has made frequent visits to Europe in the prosecution of his work. His last visit abroad was in 1872, at which time he resided for three years, until 1875, in Florence, Italy, where his paintings were very much esteemed. Some of his most important works are the following: "Hope," "Teaching a Child to Pray," "Cupid Begging His Arrows," "Hagar and Ishmael," "Timon of Athens," "Portia and Bassanio," "Wages of War," "Genevieve," "Legend of St. Christopher," "Apple of Discord," "The Flower of Flesole," and "The Pride of the Village." He also painted many portraits, a line of art in which he achieved a decided reputation—this city, Nov. 12, aged 58.

GOELTZ, Louis—One of the editors of *The Hudson* (N. Y.) *Republican*. He served in the navy during the Rebellion, and afterwards became paymaster of the schoolship Mercury. His journalistic career was begun in 1871—Colorado Springs, Col., Nov. 12, aged 35.

GARFIELD, Edwin—For twenty-two years master-mechanic of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad—Hartford, Ct., Nov. 16, aged 61.

HENRY, Yves—A French scholar, who was chiefly instrumental in establishing the literary and philosophic conferences of the Boulevard des Capucines—Paris, Nov. 12, aged 44.

HOFFMAN, John B.—Formerly a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals, West Virginia. Owing to ill health, he resigned his seat upon the bench in June, 1876—Clarksburg, W. Va., Nov. 18.

JEWETT, Mrs. Orville D.—Widow of one of the victims of the Burling-slip tragedy, which occurred in this city last April. She was a daughter of John Barrels of New Brighton, S. I. The particulars of her husband's death were never made known to her. She was told that he died from injuries received in the manufactory—Orange Valley, N. J., Nov. 14.

KAVANAGH, Julia—The well-known English novelist. In early life she accompanied her parents to Paris, where she acquired a thorough insight into French life which she has made useful in so many of her novels. She returned to London in 1844, and devoted herself to literature as a profession, beginning by writing tales and essays for the periodicals of the day. Her first book was a tale for children, "The Three Paths, and was published in 1847—Nice, France, recently, aged 53.

LAMB, Sarah Agnes Maria—Wife of the late John L. Lawrence and mother of Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court—this city, Nov. 13, aged 83.

LANFREY, Pierre—A member of the French Assembly, and one of the ablest and bitterest enemies of Bonapartism. He took his degrees at the College Bourbon, in Paris, and studied law, but was never called to the bar. Before he reached his thirtieth year he wrote a striking book on the Church and the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and after publishing two or three other works which attracted attention, he won a European reputation in 1867 with the first volume of his "History of Napoleon I." He served in the war with Germany, became a member of Assembly in 1871, and was sent by Thiers as Minister to Switzerland—Versailles, Nov. 16.

MILLER, Rutger B.—A much-respected citizen of Utica, N. Y. He was a relative by marriage of Horatio Seymour and Roscoe Conkling. He had held numerous offices of trust, and was a member of the Twenty-fourth Congress—Utica, N. Y., Nov. 12, aged 72.

MILLS, Samuel Sands—Sheriff of Baltimore and a member-elect of the next Maryland Legislature. In 1861 he established *The South*, a secession journal, which led to his arrest and imprisonment in Fort McHenry. After the war he was connected with a number of other papers, and was a prominent Democratic politician. He was frequently elected to the Baltimore City Council, and to the State Legislature. He held many positions of honor and trust, among which was a captaincy in the Fifth Regiment, State Militia, and the presidency of the Maryland Yacht Club—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 13, aged 57.

MORICE, Albert—A distinguished French scientist, and the author of a number of works on natural history—Toulon, Oct. 21, on an attempt to walk 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes each, at the Centennial Hall, Islington, Eng., completed his task at fifty-three minutes past ten o'clock on the night of Nov. 17. He was in good condition at the finish. During the long period he could not obtain more than five or six minutes rest at any one time.

MISS BERTHA VON HILLERN, is said to have accomplished the feat of walking one hundred miles in twenty-eight hours, with thirteen and a half minutes to spare, at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, commencing Nov. 12, at 7 P. M. Her last and quickest mile was made in eleven minutes and forty-five seconds, and the actual time consumed in the task was twenty hours and forty-four minutes. Miss Von Hillern will attempt to walk 145 miles in 50 consecutive hours, with only 2½ hours rest, commencing Nov. 30, at the same place.

$120 TAKES HANDICAP, open to all, for prizes of $25, $7 and $3, entrance 50 cents, will come off at Tallman Park, Syracuse, N. Y., Thanksgiving-day. Entries close Nov. 24, at C. H. Millward's Cricketers' Arms, 19 West Jefferson street, who is the projector.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—G. Fortescue, the well-known English sprint-runner, died at Bushey, Herts, Oct. 25, from hydrophobia, resulting from the bite of a mad dog, received Sept. 27.

A GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLING MATCH between William J. Austin and Harry Howard, light weights, who have tried each other before in like manner, came off at Central Park Garden, this city, Nov. 14. It was not witnessed by a large assemblage, and was won by Austin, who was awarded the second fall in 14m., the third in 1m. 45s., and the fifth in 5m., Howard taking the first after a struggle lasting 55m., and the fourth in 4m.

WOODBRIDGE, Jonathan Edwards—A well-known theologian, and formerly editor of *The Boston Recorder*, a congregational journal. He was graduated at Williams College in 1822, and was for a time connected with La Salle Seminary for Young Women—Hartford, Ct., Nov. 18, aged 75.

WILEY, JOHN F.—Member elect of the Maryland Legislature from Baltimore. He was a printer, learned his trade in *The Philadelphia Ledger* office, rose to the position of foreman, and afterwards filled a similar position in *The Baltimore Sun

THE TURF.

TOM OCHILTREE CHALLENGES TEN BROECK.

George Lorillard, the owner of Tom Ochiltree, is desirous of matching that horse against Ten Broeck, and on the extra day at Jerome Park, before the latter had paid forfeit to Parole, he commissioned Leonard W. Jerome to wait upon Mr. Frank Harper, Ten Broeck's owner, and make a proposition to run Tom Ochiltree against the Western turf representative a race of two miles and a half, over the Jerome Park Course, at the Spring Meeting of 1878, for $5,000 a side, Mr. Lorillard allowing Mr. Harper $1,000 to pay his expenses for coming East and running the match here. This offer was promptly communicated to Mr. Harper, but he made no reply at the time. Mr. Lorillard now publicly renews the challenge, and it is open for Ten Broeck's owner and friends to accept or decline it at their option. Pierre Lorillard has slightly modified, as regards distance and place, his propovition to run Parole against Ten Broeck, as it appeared in last week's CLIPPER. He says that he is willing to run Parole against that horse for $25,000 a side, $10,000 forfeit, two miles and a half, Western weights, and a dry track; the race to be run at Saratoga during the Summer meetings of 1878; and he will allow Ten Broeck $5,000 for expenses if the match comes off. He also repeats his offer to run his Rancocus stable against the pick of the entire West on the subjoined terms: A two-year-old at three-quarters of a mile, a three-year-old at one mile and three-quarters, a four-year-old at two miles and a quarter, and a five-year-old at three miles; the four races to be run at Jerome Park or Saratoga, for $2,500 a side each; Mate, $1,750; Brown Prince, $1,750; and Donna, $950. Mr. Sanford returned to New York on Tuesday, Nov. 13, by the White Star steamer Republic from Liverpool. He is now in vigorous health, and seems to have enjoyed his trip to England. He reports that sickness has so affected his horses recently that he fears none of them will be of much account in the future. He says that Brown Prince is a far better colt than he has hitherto shown publicly in his races, in none of which was he in thoroughly fit order for running. He has hopes of winning a good handicap or two next year with Start, whom he pronounces a very good filly. He expresses himself satisfied with his success on the English turf.

COL. McDANIEL'S RETIREMENT.

Turfmen in every state of the Union will learn with regret that the veteran owner and trainer of Parolee contemplates retirement from the turf, for the purpose of devoting himself entirely to the breeding and raising of thoroughbreds. For over forty years Col. McDaniel has been conspicuously prominent on the Southern, Western and Northern turf, and his colors have been seen contending for victory on every course from New Orleans and Mobile to Long Island and Massachusetts. In times past Virginia was his favorite battle-ground, and Governor Wickliffe, Minnie Leeman, Carolina, Atalanta, Frank Allen, Ed Austin and a host of others carried the blue jacket and red sash to victory. In 1865 Col. McDaniel left the Old Dominion and came North, opening the Secaucus racecourse, and contributing materially to make it the running turf popular in this section. But his star was in the ascendant a few years later, when, in successive seasons, Harry Bassett, Jo. Daniels, Hubbard, Springfield, Tubman and Katie Pease swept everything before them, and the McDaniel stable became the most formidable on the American turf. For two seasons past it has encountered a steady succession of reverses, and, unwilling to court the fickle jade Fortune any longer, the Colonel retires from the racing arena. His broodmares, horses in training, two-year-olds and yearlings, thirty-two head in all, are to be sold by auction in this city. Among the horses in training are Major Barker, Glen Dudley, Lady Salyers, Princess and St. James.

A HEAVY WINNER.—Count De Juigne, one of the most prominent of French turfmen, and owner of the three-year-old colt Jongleur, the winner of the Cambridgeshire Stakes, won $30,000 from the English bookmakers on the race, and as much more in France, the total winnings of the stable amounting to nearly a million dollars. Gladin, another French representative, owned by Prince d'Arenburg (who is a partner with Count De Juigne), ran third to Jongleur for the Cambridgeshire Stakes; and as the race was heavily backed for a place by the confederates won enormously on the race. A trio of French Club-men, who went to Newmarket to witness the race, returned to the Continent and Calais with two millions of francs about their persons, won on the race, and throughout the whole journey were in mortal fear of a robbery. They hired a private coupe, locked themselves in, and never closed their eyes in fold or head of assault until they arrived in Paris. Jongleur is a great grandson of the American horse Lexington, being by Mars, a son of Optimist, who was by the dead Hero of Woodburn out of a mare by Glencoe.

THE GREAT SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP of 200sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 25sovs. each, 15sovs. forfeit, was decided over the new straight mile at the Shrewsbury, Eng., meeting, Nov. 14. It was won by the Duke of Montrose's b. c. Hopbloom, by Parmesan out of Cognisance, 4 years; Duke of Westminster's b. f. Helena, by Cardinal York out of Florence Arabia, 3 years, second; T. Ansley's b. f. Lady Rendall, by Lord Lyon out of Edith, 3 years, third. Thirteen horses started, and the betting was 10 to 1 against Hopbloom, 3 to 1 against Helena, and 25 to 1 against Lady Rondal.

CAPT. JOHN BELCHER, active in the palmy days of the Southern turf, and a familiar face on every racecourse from the Potomac to the Delta, died in Richmond, Va., Nov. 9, in the eighty-first year of his age, the last ten of which had been passed in stringent circumstances. His daughter is married, and lives in Baltimore. His son, who had been in the Confederate Army, is dead.

EX-ROUTE (CALIFORNIA).—Buddy Dolde, with Smuggler, Volney, and a string of thoroughbred yearlings purchased for the California millionaire "Lucky" Baldwin; and John Splan, with Rarus, Adelaide, and a full sister to Rarus, are on the way to the Pacific.

THE TRIGGER.

RIFLE-SHOOTING—A BIG SCORE.

Wednesday, Nov. 14, was an exceptionally pleasant day, rivaling early Spring in balminess, and the marksmen who visited Creedmoor could not have been better suited than they were by the soft breeze which blew pretty directly in the direction of the targets, the unvarying and favorable light, and the clear and exhilarating atmosphere. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that something great should have been performed in the way of marksmanship, but that the great score of thirty consecutive bull's-eyes should have been made, at 900 yards distance, even under such favorable auspices and by a first-class shot, is certainly a matter of astonishment. This feat was accomplished by T. Lamb Jr., one of the reserves of the American team for 1877, but as it was done in practice it of course does not constitute a record; still the performance is little less creditable on that account. Two regular competitions took place on this day, in which excellent shooting was done. The first was for the Skirmishers' Badge, governed by the following conditions: Open to all members of the National Rifle Association or the State National Guard, in uniform; weapon, regular military rifle; distances, 200 and 500 yards; second-class target at both distances; competitors to be formed in squads of equal strength in rear of the 500 yards' firing-points, each squad opposite its target; at command, the first man in each squad to place himself at the firing-point and load. At a given signal each of them was to advance cautiously to his target till a second signal is given, when he will halt, fire (from any military position), then rise to his feet and load; this practice to be continued until each competitor fires five rounds advancing to and the same number retiring; the three highest scores the highest score to take the badge, the next highest to take fifteen per cent. of the entrance-money, and the third highest ten per cent.; the badge to become the property of the competitor winning it three times. There were fourteen contestants, who generally did more execution on the retreat than in advancing, the best scores being as follows: James Ross, 37; C. E. Truslow, 31; G. F. Merchant, A. B. Van Heusen, 29 each; N. D. Ward, 28; Julius Wilz, 27; P. McMorrow, 26; W. M. Farrow, 24; J. L. Rice, 21. A Winchester rifle was next contended for at the running deer target, each competitor being allowed one shot only during each of the four runs. The number of points possible was 20, and George Waterman was for the second time top scorer, with 10, W. M. Farrow scoring 9, and C. H. Eagle, 8.

BOGARDUS AND PAINE.

No Match—Challenge and Money from Bogardus.

On Monday, Nov. 19, a meeting between A. H. Bogardus and Ira A. Paine was held at THE CLIPPER office for the purpose of arranging a match for the championship, in accordance with the terms of a challenge issued the day previous by Paine, who proposed to shoot at fifty or one hundred live rock pigeons, at thirty yards rise, according to Hurlingham rules and customs, for $2,500 a side. The first difficulty which arose after the principals began to talk business was in regard to the time of shooting, Bogardus wishing it to take place not later than Jan. 15, while Paine named the 20th of March. However, the difference upon this point might have been adjusted, but all prospect of a match was knocked in the head when Paine announced that he should insist, as one of the customs of the Hurlingham Club, that the match be shot with guns weighing not more than 7½ pounds. Bogardus said that he was ready to make the match upon precisely the terms stated in the New Yorker's defi but he would not confine himself to a gun of any certain weight. He was willing that his opponent should use any kind of gun he preferred, and he wanted the same privilege. To this Paine replied that all he desired was an even, fair match, as he had been handicapped in guns in all his previous contests with the captain, and he was resolved to have an equal chance, as far as tools were concerned, in any future trial. Finally Bogardus then proposed to compromise by agreeing to shoot at half the birds with such an arm as his rival suggested, provided the latter agreed to shoot the other half with a gun of the weight which Bogardus was accustomed to use. This proposal seemed fair; but Paine said that he did not purpose doing anything of that sort; the weapon he had named was such as he used in field shooting, and it was his opinion, sportsmanlike to use any other in a match. Bogardus had already staked $1,000 forfeit, and now offered to bet $50 that, if he agreed to shoot with an 8-bore gun, its would not make the match, at the same time posting the money in our hands. Paine remarked that he didn't care to either win or lose money that way; the match was one he had long been looking for; but if Bogardus would not come to his exact terms it could not be made, as he was not going to again place himself at a disadvantage. Being unable to come to a satisfactory understanding, Bogardus withdrew his money, and the conference ended. Subsequently, the captain returned and left a forfeit of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be used in either of the matches proposed in the subjoined challenge:

NEW YORK, Nov. 19, '77.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* The meeting held by Mr. Paine and myself to-day having resulted in "no match," as I apprehended from past experience would be the case, I desire now to make some fresh propositions, which I trust Mr. Paine or someone else will accept. First, I will give any man in the world one yard in a match at one hundred pigeons, for from one thousand dollars a side upwards; the match to be shot between new and Jan. 15, and to be governed by any rules that may be preferred by the acceptor. Second, I will wager one thousand to five hundred dollars that no other man living can do what I am able to do in glass-ball shooting; to shoot at from one hundred to five hundred balls, each man loading his own gun, and the man breaking the greatest number of balls in the shortest time to take the stakes. Third, I will bet Ira Paine $1,000 to $200, $500 to $100, or $100 to $10, that I can score more glass balls in a shorter space of time than he can; each man to load his own weapon, and the match to be shot either indoors or outdoors, from two traps, and be governed by Bogardus' rules. I herewith deposit $250, to be applied to any one of the above proposed matches, and I shall be prepared to put up as much more as desired whenever called upon to do so. Respectfully, A. H. BOGARDUS,
Champion Wing-shot of the World.

THE RIFLE AT CREEDMOOR.

The weather being unseasonably fine, there was a strong muster of expert riflemen at Creedmoor, L. I., on Nov. 17, and upon participating in the competitions fired for that date. There were thirty-eight contestants for *The Turf, Field and Farm* badge, 200yds., any breech-loading rifle within the rules; ten rounds each. Scores: Dr. W. F. Farrow, C. H. Johr, 43 each; T. Rogers, A. Anderson, D. Banks, 42; H. W. Gourley, J. R. Grohman, W. C. Reddy, C. Dewing, G. W. Morse, W. B. Livermore, 41; M. M. Maltby, G. A. Reed, F. H. Holton, F. L. Eames, Lewis Cass, J. H. Teackle, 40; E. G. Griffin, A. M. Wheeler, W. Silvernail, G. F. McMorrow, 38; C. W. Minor, J. Grant, J. Cavanagh, A. F. Finiels, 37; G. F. Merchant, C. P. Bennett, Chas. Renaud, 36; W. H. Cochran, N. D. Ward, James Ross, 35; J. B. Holland, S. Sarjeant, 34; J. F. Fryer, 33; E. W. Price, S. W. Kneeland, 31; C. E. Truslow, 27. *The Spirit of the Times* badge, competed for the second time, 300 yards, any rifle, ten shots, had thirty-three entries, who scored as follows: *Scores*—Hazard, Zimmerman, Suydam, Nichols, Sheldon, Dashiell, Rosenbaum, Merritt, Morton and Borchardt. *New York*—Sunal, Callister, Faberon, Doring, S. C. Ormsby, S. H. Ormsby, Marx, Ryer, Langley, Raymond and Starr. The match was shot in accordance with the intercollegiate association rules, and terminated in the success of the Jerseymen, who, from beginning to end, had everything their own way, they winning by a score of six goals and four touchdowns, two of the goals being secured from drop kicks, by Suydam, and five in all gained in the second half of the contest. The New York team were mere striplings compared with their antagonists, and with the great odds against them never had a chance, but deserve praise for the pluck with which they met their heavier and more powerful opponents.

The freshmen of Harvard and Yale likewise tried conclusions the same afternoon at Hamilton Park, New Haven, Ct., the sides being as follows: *Harvard*—Avery, Atkinson, Mosse, Foster, Howe, Thayer, Upham, Adams, Wild and Stetson. *Yale*—Morrill, Emery, Hervey, Hutchins, Borie, Ives, Durand, Travers, Fuller, Lamb and Powers. The play was exceedingly sharp upon both sides, and the contest very close and productive of much excitement, Harvard finally winning by a score of one goal to nothing. This goal was obtained at the end of thirty-five minutes' play, the second half of the game yielding nothing. Umpires, Mr. Lincoln for Harvard, W. C. Camp for Yale. Referee, Mr. Coehole.

The Phillips Academy eleven and an equal number of Tufts College freshmen also met at Andover, Mass., same day, the latter being defeated by a score of one goal and six touch downs to nothing.

Roller-skating.

By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that the Brooklyn Skating Rink is now in full operation again for roller-skating for the season of 1877 and '78, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Taylor & Wood, and the floor management of the roller-skating carnivals, Messrs. Kynock and Smith, well known for many years past as the exemplars of the art at our leading variety theatres. On Thursday, Nov. 15, these accomplished artists on the rollers were the recipients of a testimonial benefit at the Rink, and the occasion drew forth one of the most crowded and fashionable assemblages of society people of Brooklyn ever gathered within the building at a skating entertainment. The programme was one replete with novel and unique attractions, and it proved to be the best entertainment of the kind ever seen on a fete night at the Rink. The illustrations of the art were given by Peter Kynock and Charley Smith, and the accomplished amateur expert W. C. France Jr. These were assisted by the members of the Brooklyn Roller-skating Club, whose combination movements in the opening march were quite a feature of the evening's performance. The novelties of the fete were the exhibition of skating by novices, in which Kynock and Smith took particular pains to amuse the crowd, and the pretty piece called "Organic Gyrations," in which the same artists were the performers. The programme closed with a trial in graceful skating, in which Miss Minnie Van Pelt bore off the palm, Miss Lillie Bagley being second on the list, and Miss Pettigrew third. On Thanksgiving-night there is to be a grand carnival at the Rink.

Wrestling.

ROBINSON CHALLENGES AUSTIN.—On Monday, Nov. 19, the following document came to hand, accompanied by $25 to make it read straight:

LAWRENCE, MASS., Nov. 16.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Having heard that W. J. Austin is anxious to have another trial, I am willing and ready to wrestle him, or any other man, either in or out of New York, at from 125lb to 135lb, for five hundred dollars a side, the match to come off four weeks from signing articles. Inclosed please find twenty five dollars as a deposit to show that I mean business. I will wrestle either Graco-Roman or Lancashire catch as catch can style.

Respectfully, FRANK ROBINSON,

P. S.—I would also say that I will give or take $25 for choice of place to wrestle. F. R.

DRAMATIC.

Commenced on page 279.

G. H. BROWNE, proprietor of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., died Oct. 27 of heart disease, a complaint hereditary in his family. He had been ailing for some time, though he did not believe his case to be serious until about a week before his death, when he took to his bed, from which he never rose. At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th, Edward Henry (Mr. Browne's confidant and factotum) visited his chief at the Queen's Hotel, where he has occupied apartments for twenty-one years. Mr. Henry left him to perform his duties at the theatre, and about nine o'clock he returned to see how the patient was progressing. He found him perfectly composed, but weaker, and whilst Mr. Henry was present he had a fainting fit, the second during the evening. His appearance so alarmed Mr. Henry that that gentleman posted off for Dr. Bradlooto, and on his return found Mr. Browne in a swoon. All efforts to restore consciousness were unavailing, and about eleven o'clock he breathed his last, dying without a struggle. The deceased gentleman was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 9, 1826, began a business career at a very early age, and in 1850 went to England as buyer for the firm of White, Browne & Co. of Boston and New York, in which firm he was a partner. He took up his residence at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, and speedily became noted for his admirable taste in patterns and designs, the fruits of which taste are still visible in the decorations of the Prince's Theatre. In May, 1865, the Prince's Theatre Company dimitted paid out the old proprietary to the theatre, and Mr. Browne became sole shareholder in the new concern. At the close of 1871 the establishment passed into the hands of himself and J. M. Wike exclusively, and in 1873 Mr. Wike retired, and Mr. Browne became sole proprietor. In 1875 his manager, Mr. Chas. Calvert, who had organized the series of Shakespearian revivals during his term of office, likewise retired, and Mr. Browne became his own manager, with Mr. Henry as his assistant and adviser. Mr. Taylor as stage-manager, and T. Manchester as treasurer. It was during this time that Alfred Cellier's original operas, "The Sultan of Mocha," "Tower of London" and "Nell Gwynne" were produced; as also the pantomimes of "Aladdin" by Alfred Thompson, and "Sinbad" by H. B. Farnie—both grand productions. He caused the theatre to be vastly enlarged, spending something like £20,000 in the process, and making it admittedly one of the most beau ti ful in the kingdom. For a long time past he had aimed at producing all the novelties of the London season as fast as they could be secured, and by these and other means had worked the place up to a condition of great prosperity. Most unobtrusive himself, and a studious avoider of publicity so far as he was personally concerned, he was yet one of the best-known men in Manchester, and regret at his untimely death is general. His remains were removed to Ardwick Cemetery, Liverpool, where those of his daughter—a young lady who died only a few years ago—also lie. The relatives of both were to be conveyed to Boston on the receipt of instructions. He leaves his property to be divided between his two sons, one of whom is in Calcutta, India. The other, William Browne, has been residing at Southport, and is now in Manchester, having taken charge of the theatre, which will be conducted as heretofore.

WILBERT REEVE is the author of a new drama, in four acts, adapted from Wilkie Collins' novel "No Name." It was produced at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, Eng., Oct. 26. The author personated Captain Wragge.

"LONDON ASSURANCE," with Mrs. John Wood as Lady Gay Spanker, was presented at the Aquarium Theatre, London, throughout the week ending Nov. 3.

THE NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, London, was opened Oct. 29. George Conquest is proprietor, Adolph Roujes acting manager, and Henry Pettitt treasurer.

"STRAKRO WITH GOLD," a Christmas story by R. F. Francillon, has been dramatized by S. Lawrence and J. Dawson.

NEW COMEDIES by F. C. Burnand and W. S. Gilbert have been accepted at the Olympic Theatre, London.

ESSEKA JOYCE, a veteran actor, who recently appeared at the Court Theatre, London, in "New Men and Old Acres," died at Chelsea, Nov. 1. He had been fifty-one years in the profession, and was in his seventy-second year when he died.

A FRESH ADAPTATION of the story of Effie and Jeanie Deans, arranged by Stage-manager George Hamilton, and styled "Effie and Jeanie Deane, or the Sisters of St. Leonard's," has been brought out at the Albion Theatre, London.

"FORMOSA" has been reproduced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, with J. B. Howard as the hero and Miss Leighton in the title-role.

MUSICAL.

TITIENS' WILL.—The will and codicil (both dated Aug. 21, 1877) of Mlle. Theresa Caroline Johanna Titiens, were proved by Alfred Markby and Charles Green, the executors, the personal estate in England being sworn under £16,000. The testatrix bequeaths to her sister Henrietta Bell, £1,000; to her sister Augusta Theresa Krals, £200; to her cousin, Emma Droesemoller, £500; and to her executors £100 each, all free of legacy duty. Her freehold house, No. 31 Finchley New Road, her freehold ground rents in Belsize Road, and her leasehold house, No. 55 Finchley New Road the testatrix leaves upon trust for her said sister Augusta Theresa Krals for life, and at her death to her (testatrix's) niece, Augusta Kruls, absolutely. All her furniture, plate, household effects, jewelry, laces, horses, and carriages she gives to her two nieces, Augusta Kruls and Maria Bevignani; £5,000 is left upon trust for her brother, Peter Titiens, for life, and after his decease to all his children. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves upon trust for her sister Augusta Theresa Kruls for life, and afterwards for her three children, Fritz Kruls, Augusta Kruls and Maria Bevignani, in equal proportions. Any property given to any female is to be for her separate use, and free from the control, interference, or debts of any husband. The testatrix declares her niece is a naturalized British subject, and domiciled in England.

"LA IRIGANE," a three-act comic opera, being a version of "Fleurette," by Messrs. M. Delacour and Wilder, music by Johann Strauss, has been produced at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, with decided success. The libretto differs widely from the original one. The heroine in the present case has a pretty exchange for the wings of the fantastic lady, the boots of a Hungarian gipsy singer and dancer. But her black velvet mask conceals the features of a pretty young actress, who seeks adventure in company with a band of strolling players. After many characteristic incidents the Princess Arabelle, during a fancy dress ball, changes clothes with Mademoiselle Matthias, wife of the innkeeper, and their respective husbands, completely duped by the trick, fall deeply in love, each without knowing it, with their own wives. The denouement, of course, brings matters back to their normal state, and the Court over which Arabella will henceforth reign undisputed mistress will be, we are assured, a model of morality. The three acts contain no fewer than eighteen morceaux, a few of which are new. Berthelier sings a "Swallow Song," in which the chirping of the birds is imitated in a strange but very pleasing musical way by an instrument made specially at Geneva for the purpose.

"SHOOTING STARS," a new version, by F. C. Burnand, of the opera-bouffe "L'Oeil Creve," will be brought out at the Folly Theatre, London.

AT THE FIRST of the concerts of the Imperial Russian Society, on Oct. 20, the programme was selected from the compositions of Tchaikowski, Afanassieff, Blaramberg, Solowieff and Taborowsky.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH'S new star, recently engaged by him at Brussels, Belgium, is variously entitled Mlle. Estelle de la Mar and Mlle. Faustina. She is, it is said, a New Orleans girl, who has been educated at the expense of the King of Holland at the Brussels Conservatoire, under George Cabel.

THE Singakademie of Vienna is to give a concert of Mendelssohn's music in commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of the master's death.

SOLOMON JEWSON, professor of music, died at Newcastle, Eng., Oct. 25, aged 77.

THOMAS COLLINS, musician, and husband of Madame Collins, equilibrist, died Oct. 20 at Stetten, Germany.

N. COLLAND, pianist, died in London Oct. 30.

PAULINE LUCCA will, it is said, hereafter reside in Vienna, Austria, in comparative retirement. She has only accepted a starring engagement extending over two nights at the Imperial Opera-house, Berlin, next autumn, but brilliant offers made to her for the forthcoming season. Mme. Essipoff is likewise expected to make Vienna her permanent home.

HERR POLINI, manager of the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg, Germany, is said to have discovered a very promising basso in the person of a member of a Tyrolese minstrel troupe named Conradi.

NEGOTIATIONS have been in progress between the directors of the Berlin Opera-house and Adelina Patti, who demands for the services of herself and signor Nicolini the modest sum of 10,000 francs a night.

CZERNICK, author of a treatise on the piano, died recently at Buda, Hungary, aged 80.

GROSSI, the inventor of thorough bass (1805), has been honored with a monument at Viadana, Italy.

SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO has declined to act as Musical Commissioner for Italy at the Paris Exposition, pleading prior engagements.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE MAHILTONS, on Oct. 18, signed a contract to return to Russia next Summer, playing for five weeks in St. Petersburg, and for a like period in Moscow.

THE GAIETTE TROUPE of Mahiltons were performing in the Vienna (Austria) Orpheum Oct. 25.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CABERGRAM dated Nov. 14 says that the gorilla which was for some time on exhibition in London, Eng., died Nov. 12, in Berlin, Germany.

AMUSEMENTS.

TONY PASTOR'S.
TONY PASTOR'S
THE SOCIETY DRAMATIC AND VAUDEVILLE THEATRE OF NEW YORK.
the great endorsed show. Legitimacy and artistic worth, recognized by the amusement public of the metropolis.
BILLY BARRY, NEIL BURGESS,
MURPHY AND MORTON, SHEEHAN AND JONES,
ALICE BENEDICT, CHARLES AND NELLIE WILLIAMS,
GEORGIE KANE, JENNIE ENGLE,
LANGLOIS BROTHERS, GERARD BROTHERS,
MONS. EMILE GAROUX, ETZETLINE SISTERS,
MASTER DUNN, FRED CARROLL,
TONY PASTOR
and all of his famous troupe in an attractive three hours' programme.
MATINEES
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. 35-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
MR. WM. J. FLEMING.....Manager
THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.
Twenty-five thousand people have already witnessed and pronounced it the most effective
TEMPERANCE LESSON
FLEMING AS THE DRUNKARD
a great artistic triumph.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 35-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS,
Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway, opposite New York Hotel.
NEIL BRYANT.....Manager
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. IMMENSE HIT OF
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. THE MASHED TRAGEDIAN.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS received nightly by crowded
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. houses with screams of laughter.
Dougherty, Little Mac, Reed, Sanford, Wilson, Mackin, Wilson, Bryant, Emery and Rice.
Last Matinee but one, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2.
Thanksgiving Day Matinee.
UNDER THE GASLIGHT.
Every Saturday night. UNDER THE GASLIGHT. 35-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager.....MR. STEPHEN FISKE
MARY ANDERSON,
WHOSE SUCCESS HAS BEEN ELECTRIC, IN ROMEO AND JULIET,
MONDAY, NOV. 19,
EVERY AFTERNOON AT MATINEE. 35-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
Opera-house, Broadway and 29th street.
THE FAMILY RESORT.
HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY NIGHTLY.
RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER.
THE FUNNY BABIES,
THE FUNNY BABIES,
THE LOVELY KIDS, THE NOBLE INFANTS.
EVERYBODY SHOULD SEE THEM.
Let the children see the Funny Babies.
SEATS SECURED (35-1t*) MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
Positively last week of the engagement of the eminent tragedienne JANAUSCHEK.
MONDAY, SATURDAY MATINEE AND EVENING, MARY STUART.
Tuesday and Thursday, by desire, ADRIENNE BRUNHILD; Wednesday and Friday, CHESNEY WOLD.
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 26, grand production of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
MISS ROSE EYTINGE AS CLEOPATRA. 35-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
HARRIGAN AND HART in Edward Harrigan's farcical sketch entitled MY WIFE'S MOTHER.
First appearance of Decided hit of
NAT C. GOODWIN JR. FERGUSON AND MACK in
in his inimitable imitations. original dialect specialties.
IRWIN SISTERS, VENUS and ADONIS,
FLORENCE and MAY, the Lilliputian Wonders.
NULLY FIERIS WM. HAYLE,
in choice operatic the great Terpsichorean
selections. artist.
TONY MARCELLO, the celebrated female impersonator. HARRY WOODSON, the famous Ethiopian Comedian.
CLARATOR FRANK BELL HARRY BRYANT,
on the Darwin Theory. America's Ventriloquist.
BILLY GRAY in HANNAH BIRCH,
new Ethiopian Comicalities. the inimitable Soubrette.
Family Matinees Wednesday, Saturday. 35-1t

PARK THEATRE, BROADWAY.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
(This) TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 20,
will be produced Byron's eccentric comedy, in
3 BUZZES AND A STINGER,
entitled a
HORNET'S NEST.
HORNET'S NEST.
SIDNEY SPOONBILL.....MR. SOTHERN
Other characters by Misses Wallis, Morrison and Rose Savory, Mrs. Harry Chapman, Miss Rosa Wilson, Messrs. Crisp, Bassett, De Vere, Holland, Lytell (first appearance), Gallagher, Parker and Wheatleigh.
In order to gratify the general public desire to witness Mr. SOTHERN in his famous characters of LORD DUNDREARY and DAVID GARRICK before his farewell appearance (which occurs on the night of January 26, it is designed by the management to limit the representation of the "HORNET'S NEST"
TO 22 PERFORMANCES ONLY. 35-1t

EGYPTIAN HALL,
Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue.
THE LEADING UP-TOWN VARIETY THEATRE.
Houses crowded to the doors at every performance
LARGE, FIRST-CLASS VARIETY AND BURLESQUE COMPANY, SPECIALTY ARTISTS, SENSATIONAL STARS with good burlesques or light comedies suitable for afterpieces, BALLET LADIES and GOOD GENERAL PERFORMERS, WANTED AT ALL TIMES. Address
J. CHAS. DAVIS, Manager.

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE,
Corner of West Twelfth st. and Greenwich ave., N. Y. City.
Evening at 8, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 2. Until further notice the latest sensation, entitled THE KING'S MOUSE, by Mme. R. Newville. Coryphees and artists of ability can always procure engagements by addressing Jake Berry as above. Please consider silence a polite negative for the present. 34-4t*-tf

COMIQUE,
WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.
THOS. THEALL & J. E. CARTON.....MANAGERS
FIRST-CLASS
TALENT,
ADDRESS AS ABOVE.
SILENCE A POLITE NEGATIVE.
34-4t

HOLMAN ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE.
SEASON 1877-78.
MR. GEORGE HOLMAN.....Proprietor
MRS. HARRIET HOLMAN.....Musical Directress
MR. LUCIEN BARNES.....Manager
The only Opera Company giving
STANDARD OPERAS AND OPERA-BOUFFE
AT POPULAR PRICES.
MISS SALLIE HOLMAN,
America's Favorite Prima-donna.
MISS JULIA HOLMAN,
Prima Contralto.
Suported by a Superb Company and Full Chorus, etc.
ROUTE: Hamilton, Oct. 1, one week; Erie, Pa., 8 and 9; Titusville, 10; Oil City, 11; Parkers, 12; Petrolia, 13; Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 15, one week.
For open dates and terms for this complete Opera Company address, as per route,
LUCIEN BARNES, Manager
24-13t*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
I guarantee to teach you trapeze, ring gymnastics in a few private lessons. Friendly call solicited without subscribing. MR. and MRS. RIPLEY, 8 Bond street. 35-1t

DIEFENBACH'S
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THE LONDON,
235 AND 237 BOWERY,
O

DREE DUDCHMENS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

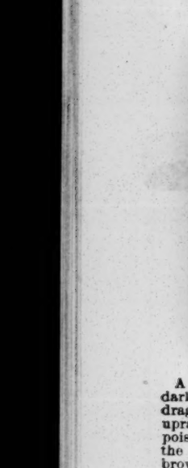
Dree Dudchmens vas drinking in a bier saloon,
Vere der lager vas goot, und der shlate vas vide,
Und dem all vas so full like a full new moon,
Dot shine out loud on a nice ghost night;
Und der Dudchmens vas habby like dot kin be,
Und dey don'd care a cend for anypody,
Bod vas jusd bound so gay like dey make 'em.

Dree womens vas valding so mat like tun
For dree leedle Dudchmens to come in der house;
Und each of dem shvreared dot her son of a gun
Shood got killed in bieces so dead like a mouse
Dot dies in a drap or vas killed mit a cat,
Or anyding else dot kin kill jusd like dot
In nine or eighd handfuls of minnids.

Dree Dudchmens vaked ub nexd morning bound night,
Each von mit a blaader all oter his head,
Und dey made ub deir minds dot dey'd eader peen dighd,
Or somevon had killed dem und gone dey vas dead.
Und dey sighed, und dey gried, und dey cussed und dey shvore—
Bud I dink dot voond do or I dold you some more,
For now dot's der end of my dale yet.
New Orleans, 18 *und* 77. OOFTY GOOFT.

EVEN UNTO DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.



A country-girl, red-cheeked, bright-eyed, dark-haired, her supple figure poorly clad in a draggled calico gown, one strong, round arm upraised to steady the pail of sweet new milk poised lightly on her head, the other carrying the milking-stool, came plashing with bare, brown feet through the dew-wet grass, and stood in the early Summer-morning at Farmer Walton's gate. A boy came out to meet her—a boy of her own age—eighteen, perhaps. He had fair hair and a fair skin, although somewhat tanned by the sun, and was altogether frail and delicate looking; his features were extremely handsome, but clouded by an expression of sullenness and discontent, a habitual frown disfigured his brow, and his eyes were cast down moodily. He opened the gate, greeting the girl with a nod and a careless "Mornin', Net," took the pail from her head and carried it towards the house; Net tramping sturdily along by his side, her dark eyes fixed on his gloomy face, but saying never a word until he had deposited the pail within a cool shed near the kitchen, and seated himself wearily beside it; then she went up to him, and, laying her hands on his shoulders, said cheerily:

"'Mornin', Net;' and is that all you're going to say to me?"

The youth looked up into her sunny face, and a half-unwilling smile came to his own; he put his arms about her waist and laid his head against her shoulder with a heavy sigh. She patted the head with her little brown hand, and kissed the sunny curls, and said, in a soothing, comforting tone, such as one might use to a petted child:

"What is it, dear? Another been bothering again, I suppose?"

He put the caressing hand away and arose impatiently.

"He's always bothering! Nothing suits him—one way nor the other! I'm heartily sick of the whole thing. Who's he that he should order me about like a slave? Net," he stopped in his impatient walk and stood looking at her, "you're the only friend I've got—the only one in the world I care a straw for. What'll you say when I tell you something? I'm going away."

"Going away!" She didn't say much, certainly—only those two words, in a low, breathless whisper; but her brown eyes darkened and clouded with trouble, and her rosy cheeks grew pale. The boy put his arms around her with a sudden impulse of tenderness, and drew her to a seat beside him.

"Dear Net," said he, "don't look so sad; it'll be the best thing for both of us. I can't go on living here. Your father is ——— well, well," for she had her hand upon his lips, "he's your father, and it's natural for you to bear with him; but I can't, Net; he's too unreasonable. Besides, I hate this life. I believe there is something better in store for me than grubbing for a living among potatoes and cabbages. When I get to New York I'll find something to do, and when I've saved a little money I'll send for you, and we'll get married—aha, that brings the smile back again. Why, I've always intended to have you for my wife, child," with perfect confidence in her acquiescence. "Didn't you know that?"

"I never thought about it," she answered simply. "We have been brother and sister all our lives, it seems to me. I can hardly remember the day your mother brought you here. Poor aunt! How sad and sick she was, and how she used to cry, and how stern and cold my father was to her! I was a strong, hardy child, that could hold my own, and play, rough-and tumble, with the best; but you were a delicate, shy little thing, that would cry for a cross word. It seemed more as if I was the boy and you the girl in those days. And one night poor auntie called me to her bed—it was in the dead of night—she woke me out of my sleep with calling me softly; and says she; 'Annette, lift Leo into my arms.' And I did, and you were so fast asleep you only half opened your eyes and then shut them up again. And then, 'Annette,' says she again, oh, so softly, 'I'm going away—far away—never to come back any more. I can't take my baby with me—oh, what shall I do with Leo, Annette? Who will take care of Leo?' And I said: 'I'll take care of him, Aunt Ellie; please give him to me. I can wash him and dress him, auntie; I'm nearly ten years old; give Leo to me and I'll be his little mother.' She put up her poor pale lips to mine, and said that, though I was only a little girl, I had a strong body and a loving heart, and she would trust me. 'Leo is yours,' she said, 'your very own boy—your cousin, your brother, your baby. Tell them his mother gave him to you—and promise me, now, to be faithfully kind and loving to him—even unto death.' And she made me lay my hand upon her Bible and say those words: 'Even unto death.' And soon after that she fell asleep, smiling, and I lifted you gently out of her bosom and put you into my bed. And when I told father, next morning, all auntie had said, and about the Bible, he gave a loud, terrible cry and hurried away to her room; and, Leo, she had never moved again. There she lay—cold and white—with a peaceful smile upon her face, quite dead. And you have been my own Leo ever since—we have never been parted for a day—but, if you go, as you say, to New York, you'll forget me there; you'll see prettier, cleverer girls; you won't want to marry me, nor even come back to me again; and then my heart will break, for *I* shall not change. No one can be to me what Leo has been—'my very own boy.' I shall remain here, forgotten and grieving, but loving you—'even unto death!'"

And, turning to her cousin, she buried her face on his breast in a burst of weeping, quite overcome by the picture of sorrow her own prophetic soul had conjured up.

But Leo, manlike, laughed at such forebodings. What girl could be prettier than his bonny Net, or half so good, or a hundredth part so dear?

"You have been little nurse, mother, sister, cousin and sweetheart to me," he said, "and you'll end by becoming my little wife! That's the proper and natural end, Net. So keep up your courage, dear, and don't try to dissuade me, for my mind's made up. Your father and I have talked it over and quarreled about it, and to-morrow morning, before he's awake, I'll be off to seek my fortune. I've got a little money ——"

"O Leo!" she interrupted earnestly, "not enough. How much money have you, dear? Tell me just how much. Ten dollars?" He nodded. She shook her head. "Not enough, dear; not near enough."

The boy laughed gayly.

"Why, what a wise old grandmother you are! What do you know about the matter? A fellow can live quite a while upon ten dollars, and I'll soon find work to do."

"It won't last long in New York, dear; I know from books. You were never very much of a reader, Leo; but I know. I have as much as fifteen dollars, which you can have. Nay, don't refuse, unless you want to break my heart outright! How could I live and think of you, perhaps poor, among strangers? You can take it as a loan, you know, and pay it back when you're at work. That's my own boy! And you'll write to me every week, won't you? And you'll ——hark! father's voice!" and, hastily wiping away her tears, she hurried off to the kitchen, while Leo sauntered out into the barn.

Next day, at early dawn, they parted "with many a kiss and many a tear," Leo going forth to tempt the unknown future, and Nettie setting herself bravely to that far harder task of waiting patiently at home.

"Waiting for his return," she murmured, as her eyes followed wistfully, through a mist of tears, the solitary figure on the lonely road, "and O God! grant he may return faithful to me, as I shall be to him, even unto death!"

"A good man," said Farmer Walton, with unanswerable decision—"a first-rate, honest, clever, business man—one that'll take care of any little bit of money that I may give or leave you, and not waste in idleness what I've earned by hard toil. You're my only child, Annette, and I'd like to do what's right by you. You've been a good girl and a good daughter. There's a thousand dollars coming to you on the day you marry Ed. Hart, and maybe a good deal more when I'm dead. What d'ye say to that, my lass? What d'ye say?"

Annette looked up from the window-seat, where she was patiently working at her needle.

"There's only one thing I *can* say, father," she replied. "I can't marry Ed. Hart; I don't love him, and—and, father, it's as well we should understand each other at once—I do love another."

Farmer Walton turned round upon her with a furious face.

"That scapegrace, your cousin Leo!" he cried. "Haven't you got over that folly yet? I made some excuse for it when the boy was writing to you, and seemed even to be trying to do right; but how long ago is that? Three years since he left us, and near two since you have had one line to tell whether he's alive or dead! And still you pine, and act like a love-sick fool, for a boy that's forgotten you long ago. Why, if he should come back, and you should look at him, I'd never own you for a daughter of mine."

Annette arose, put aside her work, and, coming over to her father's side, laid her hand softly on his shoulder; he shook it off roughly at first, but she quietly put it back again, and the old man's anger seemed to fade and die under the gentle touch.

"Poor Aunt Ellie's baby-boy was given into my care," she said quietly—"not for two or three years alone, but unto death. I laid my hand on the Bible for a promise, and you, father, allowed it to be a solemn one. I remember how you trembled and cried by her bedside, and said to her, though she was dead and couldn't hear you: 'Yes, Ellie, yes, your boy shall be our care.' It isn't after my false sweetheart that I'm going, for I am going, father ——"

She paused, looking down upon him. The old man answered, quite subdued:

"You are going, Nettie?"

"Yes, I am going to town to seek for tidings of my cousin. My mind has been set on this for a long time. We have lost sight of Leo altogether, and my conscience reproaches me as if I had broken my vow. I dreamed of him, and of his dead mother. Father, if Leo is living, he is in need of my care! Aunt Jane is here now, and will take care of you while I am gone; and, oh, would that I could have gone before!" She was turning away with that last regretful cry, when her glance fell on a young man just entering at the door, and she continued, as if she had not seen him: "But let it be understood, father, that I shall not marry, and don't *you* encourage anybody with false hopes. If Leo is dead, I shall never marry; if he has changed to me, *I* have not changed. I shall come back to you and live with you always; but, unless I marry Leo, I shall be no man's wife."

And, bending her head to hide the tears in her dark eyes, she quietly passed out of the room. One week later she was in New York.

And then commenced the anxious, wearying search whose sickening results stole the roses from her cheeks and dimmed with constant tears her earnest eyes. The first trace of him was found at the store to which, two years ago, her letters had been addressed, and from which, she learned with anguish, he had been dismissed for dissipated habits and inattention to business. He had soon found another position, it appeared, but had left it from some similar cause. After this she traced him to a low-grog establishment, from which he had been discharged on a grave suspicion of complicity with certain shoplifters. From this his downward career was swift and sure; and when the detective, whom she had employed to aid her, informed her that he had served a term in prison and had disappeared—probably having changed his name—her anguish at his ruin, her remorse for not having sooner sought out and saved him, threatened for a time her very life.

"But find him!" she cried to the officer. "No matter how fallen, how wicked he may have become, find him, and I may save him yet!"

And now that one hope became her constant thought by night and day, to find him and save him yet.

"I cannot return home," she wrote to her father. "My first duty is to find Leo—living or dead—nor can I rest until it is accomplished."

And the old man, softened now by his daughter's sorrow, grieved for the ruin of his dead sister's son, and, perhaps, reflecting that his own harshness in days gone by had done its part to drive him from his home, furnished willingly sufficient funds to prosecute inquiries.

From time to time Nettie had advertised in the newspapers thus:

"Leo is earnestly entreated to communicate with Nettie."

One day, taking up the paper wearily, as she had done so many times before, to look at her own advertisement, she found that it had met with a response. The answer was:

"Your search is vain. Give it up, dear, faithful Net. Leo is dead."

For one moment the words "Leo is dead" sent a chill to her heart; the next she had put on her bonnet, and, newspaper in hand, hurried down to the detective, almost wild with joy.

"He is *not* dead," she cried, the old-time color coming back to her cheeks, and the brightness to her eyes. "This message is from himself—no one but he would call me 'Net,' or know whether I was faithful or otherwise. He is not dead, and we shall find him, my poor boy! we shall find him and save him yet!"

So she advertised again and again, entreating Leo to write to a given address; and for a time she was hopeful and high-spirited, but, as days wore into weeks, and still no answer rewarded her, she began to despair once again. Meantime she had answered other advertisements on her own behalf, and by these means had secured for herself a position as housekeeper in a wealthy family uptown; she had never, however, given her employer's address to Leo. An industrious girl—accustomed to work hard, early and late, all her life, idleness became inexpressibly wearisome to her; and, although her father would have paid all her expenses gladly, she preferred to work—indeed, common sense taught her that, for the keen anxiety of her mind, constant employment was the best and only cure. So she became the housekeeper in Mr. Bradford's family, and, still earnestly pushing forward her inquiries, lived peacefully, if not happily, for a while.

The months rolled swiftly by. Christmas came, with all its merriment and gay rejoicing, its family gatherings, and blest reunion of long-parted friends. Alas! to poor Nettie's heart it seemed the saddest of all seasons, for she was afar from home, and her best-beloved one was absent still, nor did the prospects of his return seem any brighter than they were before the message that had cheered her for a while. Six months now since her weary quest began—when and how was it to end? She asked herself this as she sat alone in the cosy basement dining-room (which she had been decorating with holly-berries and Christmas-wreaths) on the night before Christmas-eve. It was very late—long after twelve o'clock; but she had been resolute to finish the decorations to-night, for to-morrow there was to be a merry party, and there would be much to do. She was quite alone, having sent the tired servants to bed more than an hour ago, and sat up to finish this room herself. It looked so bright and pretty, with its gay ornaments of red and green, all shining in the glow of the cheerful fire, that she felt disinclined to leave it, and thought of her own distant and chilly room (away up four flights of stairs) with something like a shudder.

"I've a mind to sleep here on the couch all night," she thought. "This fire is hardly safe to leave. I *will* lie down until it burns lower, at any rate."

And, suiting the action to the word, and drawing a warm shawl over her shoulders, she nestled herself down just in front of the fire, and (being tired and lulled by the warmth) was presently fast asleep.

Hark! What was that? She started to her feet with a smothered cry that sounded like the faint echo of the scream that had aroused her. Dazed and bewildered, she stood listening. Perhaps it had only been a dream! No! There again! A long, loud, piercing scream—the murmur of rough voices—the scuffling of feet in the room above. Hark! the report of firearms—a groan—a heavy fall. Merciful Heaven! what was it? She rushed out into the lobby. The area-door leading out into the street—how came that open wide? Closing it instinctively, she turned to go upstairs, when a man—the very incarnation of desperation and lawless fear, a blood-stained knife clutched in his trembling hand, his fierce eyes shining like sparks of fire through the folds of his crape mask—came stumbling and staggering downstairs and along the passage, and ran right into her outstretched arms. On the impulse of the moment she clasped and held him fast, thus pinioning his arms to his side, and strove to call for help, but gasped for breath instead. The firelight from the basement room shone full upon her, and as the robber, struggling desperately, raised his eyes to her excited face, suddenly his efforts ceased—he staggered up against the wall.

"Net!" he cried in tones of shame and horror. "O my God! my God! it's Net."

Dead silence fell between them. Nettie's arms released their hold and sank nerveless and trembling to her sides. The bloody knife fell from the burglar's hand—he covered his face and groaned aloud. Then a voice—a whisper—so hoarse and strange it never seemed as if Nettie's lips had formed it, said:

"It isn't true—it can't be true—O God! who are you? Let me see your face!"

She tore the mask away—the guilty eyes met hers—and Nettie fell with a terrible cry of love and anguish on Leo's crime-stained breast.

A prisoner! Held on the charge of having been accessory to her cousin's escape. She never denied it; and when the Court heard the story of her life, of the dying mother's

ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

Our artist has this week added to our athletic gallery illustrations of hammer-throwing, weight-putting and high-jumping. For the benefit of readers who are not "up" in these exercises we will describe the manner of their performance.

THROWING THE HAMMER, an exercise popular in Scotland and forming one of the favorite features of all Caledonian games, requires great strength in the muscles of the back and loins. The hammer usually thrown weighs sixteen pounds, having a handle from three feet to three feet six inches long, according to height of athlete. Originally the run to scratch was unlimited, but the usual distance now is seven feet. The missile must be grasped firmly and swung around like a pendulum until a good momentum is acquired, when a couple of turns are made in the direction to be thrown, the hammer being swung around in a plane at right angles to the vertical position of the body, and a final impetus being given during the last half turn. Care must be taken to keep it low while swinging, otherwise the curve described in its flight will be too high. Practice should commence with a hammer not more than ten pounds in weight—a less weight being preferable for weakly persons. The measurement is made from the edge of the ditch of the missile nearest to the scratch line.

HIGH JUMPING.—For this two upright posts, with mushroom stands, each seven feet high, are provided. Small holes for pegs are bored in the posts, half an inch apart, from three feet upwards, a cross-bar half an inch thick being laid upon corresponding pegs, and raised as it is cleared by the jumper. The take-off should be level, springy turf, and tan or other soft substance should be spread for the performer to alight upon. It is customary for each contestant to have three trials if requisite, displacing the bar only counting as a try. In measuring the height of the jump care must be taken to include the thickness of the cross bar.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT is likewise a Scottish pastime. The body should be balanced on the right leg and foot, which are placed close on the hindermost line, the left leg being lightly rested between the scores, which are marked out seven feet apart, that being the limit of the run permitted. The weight should be grasped in the right hand, which rests on the corresponding shoulder. The putter rises and falls on the balls of his feet, raising the weight the while until a sufficient impetus is gained, when he makes one or two hops the left leg being made a pivot at the end of them, and the weight delivered at the moment the right leg reaches the scratch line, a quick jump being made as the weight leaves the hand. No follow over the scratch line is allowed. To become an adept, great strength of the shoulders, back and loins is absolutely necessary. A cannon-ball or stone weighing sixteen pounds is usually provided, and the measurement is made as in hammer-throwing. In Ireland forty two-pound weights are used, no run taking place, but a follow being allowed.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VERNER HOWARD.

Only a babe,
With the brightest eyes
That ever came from the starry skies.

Only a child
With laughter sweet,
And mirth and joy and dancing feet.

Only a maiden,
Modest and shy,
With tempting lips and downcast eye.

Only a sweetheart,
Happy and blest—
No thought of guile in her girlish breast.

Only a woman,
Wronged by men,
Turned aside by the lowest of them.

Only a wretch,
With matted hair,
Shivering alone in the darkness there.

Only a corpse,
From life's fires's bed—
A pale, sad face, a woman dead!

Only a grave
In Potter's Field.
God knows how her doom was sealed!

THE CLEVELAND CUP,
OR THE RESULT OF A RACING "IDEA."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

Day was just breaking on a wide common in one of the northern counties of England. The spirit of improvement had left this heath unInclosed, because, barren as it was, it was more profitable in its present form than it had ever been with golden livers, for it contained a second-rate racing course. On the skirts of the common, and connected with it by a row of dwarf beeches, stood a small village; and towards a stable, situated at the end of the village nearest the common, a pair of pedestrians wended their way in the dim gray of the morning. It required little penetration to see that they were bound to each other the relation of father and son, and it was equally manifest that they belonged to what is termed the higher class of society. Each face in a differing degree wore a look of anxiety, and as they strode along they spoke not a word.

The stable-door was locked when they reached it, and might have appeared untenanted but for an occasional snort and a rustling of the straw within. The elder gentleman rapped on the door with his cane, then shrugged his shoulders and waited. Presently a wooden window was opened in the wall above, and the groom, who slept in the loft within, thrust his head out.

"Hullo, Timbs; look alive—open the door."

"All right, Sir Hector;" and the man opened the door with such promptitude as to lead to the inevitable conclusion that he had slept in his stable-dress.

"How is 'Khedive?'" was the Baronet's first question.

The groom stooped and picked up a piece of straw, and, after munching it vigorously, said:

"Why, he seems right enough now, but he's been a bit queerish, Sir Hector, and that's the truth. He pulled up a little lame o' We'nsday after his gallop; but I haven't noticed much out of the way with him since."

An expression of grim disgust corrugated both faces, increasing the family resemblance. Sir Hector uttered a long "Ha—a!"

"Which leg?" asked the younger man.

"Near fore," replied Timbs laconically.

"Take him out," said the Baronet. "Were there any 'peepers' around on Wednesday morning?"

"Think not, Sir Hector."

Timbs led the big likely-looking chestnut into the yard in front of the stable, and walked him up and down. There was no sign of lameness. At a signal the groom stopped. The Baronet passed his hand slowly down the near fore-leg, and, paused, looked, felt, listened.

"A little heat here, confound it!"

"Get up and canter him round," said the younger man with visible irritation.

The horse cantered as sound as he walked.

"You were drunk or dreaming, Timbs, on Wednesday. Now put him to it round the mile track."

True as a line the splendid brute went at a rattling pace, and when he was pulled up his respiration seemed scarcely accelerated by his performance.

"Now, once more," said the young man.

The swiftly-flying feet glittered like the balls that a juggler sends round his head.

"There's a pair of bellows for you—splendid wind, Sir Hector!" cried Timbs, as he pulled up the racer, apparently as fresh as before.

"Take him quietly in," said Sir Hector, patting the animal's large glossy neck.

As he trotted gently away, both men instantly detected a perceptible alteration in Khedive's gait.

"A most unfortunate piece of luck!" said the younger man. "Unless I can 'hedge' to the tune of five thousand, I'm in a disgusting fix."

"Lame! lame! lame!" said the gray-haired Baronet with measured melancholy and a look of abject despair.

Father and son proceeded to the stable-door.

"Not a syllable of this to a living soul, Timbs, my good fellow," said the Baronet in a hoarse whisper.

"Mum's the word, Sir Hector," said the laconic groom.

"Hector," said the father, as his son and he slowly walked across the heath—"Hector, my boy, you must marry Mary Mabel Sortain. I cannot understand what objection you have to the match. She is an amiable and accomplished girl, very lady-like, and all that. Why don't you speak?"

"Suppose she would not marry me?"

"Would not marry you!" Who supposes such a thing? Am I not her guardian? What do you mean? Have you asked her?"

"No, I have never asked her, and I don't intend ——"

"Zounds, sir, you talk like a lunatic—a fool—an ass! I tell you, sir, I insist on the match!" and the now infuriated Baronet brought down his cane in a fury that splintered the ivory head.

"If cannot decide for me in this matter," said Hector, with decided emphasis.

"In-the-name-of-heaven, why? Is-it-because-she's-got-red-hair, or-because-she-sometimes-walks-in-her-sleep, or—or-because-that-infernal-curate, or-r—: in-the-name-of-common-sense-what-fancied-defects-do-you-see-in-the-young-lady?" The Baronet spoke with such vehemence and rapidity of utterance that he was compelled to stop for breath.

"I have no fault to find with Miss Sortain; but ——"

"'But,' sir! None of your 'buts.' I tell you, you shall marry her—she's an heiress, remember, sir; she'll be an heiress next month, and I've made up my mind that when she ceases to be my ward she shall become my daughter-in-law."

"Father, it cannot be; I'm already married."

The old man's face was a spectacle to see. For a brief space he was dumb. Then his fury found vent.

"Ingrate, you lie!" he yelled. "Perdition take you for a black-hearted villain! You lie, basely lie! Confess to me!" cried the exasperated father with a blood-curdling oath—"confess to me on your knees that you lie!"

"It is true what I have stated. I am married."

"Married! To whom?"

As the two men now confronted each other, "pale, statue-like, and stern," the resemblance between them became closer than ever. As the young man stood unquailing, his father's blood was kindled in his face, and his voice was free from tremor when he replied:

"To Honorine, Miss Sortain's maid; she is my wife; the curate performed the ceremony six weeks past Tuesday."

The old man started as if he had received a staggering blow, and when he again spoke his voice had the hollow accents of despair.

"Heaven and earth! then all is lost!"

They walked slowly onward; and in the same hollow, hopeless voice the Baronet continued:

"I have been a fool; and now I am ruined—disgraced—spit upon for my accursed folly. That infernal horse—my own son—fate—everything and everybody—in conspiracy against me. Death and destruction!"

Again there was a pause.

"Next month my guardianship of the girl ends, and the law requires me to hand over to her bonds and securities amounting to thirty thousand pounds. I haven't got thirty thousand farthings to my name in the world!"

"But the bonds and securities are all right," cried the young man; "they are in the possession of your lawful owner, my wife."

"All forgeries—not worth the paper they are written on, except to seal and consign me to a felon's prison for the remainder of my life."

"Good God!—but the estate is ——"

"Mortgaged to the utmost shilling; besides several thousand pounds' worth of paper, which will mature in a couple of weeks—this is the penalty of my devotion to the turf."

With the consciousness of his own urgent obligations, and the terrible certainty that no relief could be expected from his father, the young man retained a stern and brooding silence.

"And now that miserable horse fails lame when he is first favorite for the Cleveland Cup, with the betting 3 to 1, and no chance for me to retrieve in any way. I tell you, it's certain ruin and black, irretrievable disgrace."

The two men walked slowly towards Fallowden Hall, the country-seat of Sir Hector Onslow, in silence. When they reached the lodge-gate, Hector laid his hand on his father's arm and said:

"I'll not go in to breakfast. I *must* ride. If it does not miscarry, I shall 'lay some pipe' that will help both you and me to pull through."

The old man glanced eagerly and inquiringly at his son. The latter wore the impassive look of the Sphinx.

"Well, see you to-morrow morning," he said. "Good-bye, father."

And they shook hands and parted.

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"Oh, it be you Mister Hector?" he said nonchalantly. "Walk in!" They had had dealings before.

"Fawkes, my man, the Khedive is dead lame, and quite out of the race; limps as good as a walk over for Falconer, and I've laid against him like thunder. If he wins, I'm ruined, sure."

The groom elevated his bushy eyebrows, and vented a low, long whistle.

"How do you stand?" the visitor asked after a pause.

"I've backed our horse heavy, of course," said the cute trainer, scenting a rat; "an' I'll put on every copper I can raise now, of course."

"There won't be much chance to pile on now, Fawkes; you'll hardly get odds with 'the field' against him. Everybody knew it lay between the Khedive and your bay. How much do you stand to win?"

"A couple o' 'monkeys' or so; but I expect to double it."

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The old man

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A CHINESE CIRCUS.

ENTERTAINMENT EXTRAORDINAIRE---BETTER AS MELICAN MAN'S.

With an eye always for attractive novelties, we have put ourselves to enormous expense this week in order to present a scene in a Chinese circus. It may be safely asserted that the circuses in the celestial land are equally as good as those of any other country. You will observe that a number of interesting feats are being executed by the different (but not indifferent) performers. The most attractive of these is the graceful equestrian act of Mlle. Youngmongtong. That is not her real name, but the one which she assumes for professional purposes. In private life she is known as Mrs. Ah Fumfootakahakeenemeenemonemel. As this would not "bill" well, she was persuaded to change it. Mlle. Y.—there is no reason you should not like authentic novelties—is a most dashing and daring equestrienne. She is performing, as you see her, the unprecedented feat of jumping over the heads of the orchestra, horse and all. This she does with the utmost ease, at the same time balancing a fan on the point of her finger. The leader of the orchestra wears a somewhat anxious expression, but the gentlemen who play the big horns are utterly unconcerned. It ought to be explained that Mlle. Youngmongtong is assisted by Master Youngmongtong, the smallest boy in the circus profession. He is seen in mid-air, where he has been thrown by Mlle. There is no danger, however, as the fair rider, who is really his mother, will catch him gracefully as he comes down. Should any questions be asked concerning the uncertain animals which appear in the vicinity of the horse's hoofs, it may be answered that two of them are performing dogs and that the third is a rooster—probably a Shang-Hai. As for the bridge, and the man fishing, and the apple-tree, and the pagoda—they are simply paintings on the top of the canvas. We make this assertion only after carefully canvassing the subject.

FADERLAND.--A RECITATION.

DEDICATED TO GUS WILLIAMS BY JOHNNY ENRIGHT.

Mine name vos Heinrich Ockelstein,
From Frederick down I come,
To seddle here py Bleecker chdreed,
Und solt me peer und rum;
Aldough der peesness bays me vell
(I own a feerst-glass sthand),
I somedime dinks I'd rader pe
Back in de Faderland;
For tay py tay I oufden dinks,
Vile selling peer und vine,
Oof heim, sweed heim, und mudder dere,
Und der gottage py der Rhine.

Ny Yorick vas von breddy place,
Mine peer vas cooler dan ice,
Und yet, mit all, I can'd forgod
Mine dear oit Faderland.

I may do bardys always vent,
Do bienics, un like dot,
Yet aver do I dinks oof heim,
Dot sweet, dot loafly shot;
I may py Gomey Islands vent,
But I should der sy-so pe sthand,
Do drink mine peer mit oud a cend
Und gobble down der glam;

I may py Cendral Bark sid town,
Mit people rich und grand;
Und oof der Powery go ad nighd
Do hear dot Deicher paud;
Or ad der shutsenfest so gay
I mighd hafe lods out fun,
Singing, dancing, all der day,
Und nobody mid dot one.
Yet, mid all dose chanses mine
Do sbhend der dime so grand,
I dinks oof heim uhon der Rhine,
Und my sweet Faderland.

Vy, you say, I dinks so mooch
Ouf dot far-off Faderland?
I'll dold you dot, righd quivck avay,
So you vill understhand.

You see, in Germany dere's von,
A leedle fraulein fair,
Mit angel face und prighd blue eyes,
Und loafly golden hair.
Ven I feld heim she bromised me
Dot I should be her sbhouse,
So now my heart ish far away,
Mit hers, in Faderland.

ENTERTAINMENTS ANNOUNCED FOR NEXT WEEK.

Academy of Music	Italian Opera.
Adelphi	Variety.
Alhambra	Variety.
Bijou Opera House	Variety.
Bowery Theatre	Variety.
Broadway Theatre	Variety.
Brooklyn Academy of Music	Italian Opera.
Brooklyn Theatre	Variety.
Brooklyn Park Theatre	Variety.
Brooklyn Rink	Variety.
Brooklyn Theatre	Variety.
Comique	Variety.
Eagle Theatre	Variety.
Fifth Avenue Theatre	Variety.
Globe Theatre	Variety.
Grand Opera House	Variety.
Harry Hill's	Variety.
Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre	Variety.
Haverly's Theatre	Variety.
Lina Edwin's	Variety.
Lina Edwin's Brooklyn	Variety.
Lina Edwin's Jersey City	Variety.
Lina Edwin's Newark	Variety.
Lina Edwin's Philadelphia	Variety.
Lina Edwin's Pittsburgh	Variety.
Lina Edwin's Washington	Variety.
Metropolitan Concert Hall	Variety.
Metropolitan Opera House	Variety.
Mrs. Conway's Theatre	Variety.
Mrs. Conway's Brooklyn Theatre	Variety.
Mrs. Conway's Philadelphia Theatre	Variety.
Mrs. Conway's Baltimore Theatre	Variety.
Mrs. Conway's Washington Theatre	Variety.
Niblo's Garden	Variety.
Olympic Theatre	Variety.
Pastor's	Variety.
Pastor's Brooklyn	Variety.
Pastor's Newark	Variety.
Pastor's Jersey City	Variety.
Pastor's Philadelphia	Variety.
Pastor's Pittsburgh	Variety.
Pastor's Washington	Variety.
Philadelphia Academy of Music	Italian Opera.
Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre	Variety.
Philadelphia Chestnut Street Theatre	Variety.
Philadelphia Grand Opera House	Variety.
Philadelphia Walnut Street Theatre	Variety.
Pittsburgh Academy of Music	Italian Opera.
Pittsburgh Opera House	Variety.
Pittsburgh Theatre	Variety.
Theatre Comique	Variety.
Theatre Comique Brooklyn	Variety.
Theatre Comique Jersey City	Variety.
Theatre Comique Newark	Variety.
Theatre Comique Philadelphia	Variety.
Theatre Comique Pittsburgh	Variety.
Theatre Comique Washington	Variety.
Tony Pastor's	Variety.
Tony Pastor's Brooklyn	Variety.
Tony Pastor's Newark	Variety.
Tony Pastor's Jersey City	Variety.
Tony Pastor's Philadelphia	Variety.
Tony Pastor's Pittsburgh	Variety.
Tony Pastor's Washington	Variety.
Union Square Theatre	Variety.
Wallack's Theatre	Variety.
Wood's Museum	Variety.
Wood's Museum Brooklyn	Variety.
Wood's Museum Philadelphia	Variety.
Wood's Museum Pittsburgh	Variety.
Wood's Museum Washington	Variety.

"MASANIELLO" AT THE PARK THEATRE, N. Y., 1833.

The melodrama of "Masaniello," according to Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage," was first produced in this city at the Park Theatre, Nov. 7, 1829. Thomas Barry acted the title character; William Chapman Sr., Pietro; and Mrs. Barnes, Fenella. On Nov. 28, 1831, at the same theatre, with much of Auber's music, it was brought out with great magnificence under the direction of Mr. Barrymore. John Sinclair (the father of Catherine Sinclair) acting the title character, and the New York audiences were disappointed with his efforts until he sang this role, in which he established himself a general favorite. James Thorne acted the Prince; Peter Richings, Pietro; Mrs. Sharpe, the Princess; and Mrs. Barrymore, Fenella. On Nov. 28, 1833, the opera of "Masaniello" was revived at the Park Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, who had made their American debut there Sept. 9 of that year, in the principal characters. Of this performance we append a copy of the programme. Mr. Wallack died in England July 7, 1847. The effects of poison imparted by admiring friends after an attack of illness; W. H. Keppell made his first appearance in America as a tragic star (acting Richard III, Hamlet, Othello, etc.) at the Bowery Theatre, Nov. 14, 1831; but he made a failure, and he was subsequently engaged to support Fanny Kemble at the Park, when she made her first appearance in this country; but after he had played one or two characters she refused to act with him, and he was forced to go into the stock company at the Park, in which he remained for life. Mr. Joseph Wood sailed for England Feb. 8, 1834, and returned to public life; J. T. Reynoldson left this city for New Orleans, La., in 1834, and it is believed that he died there; Thomas H. Blakeley, after retiring from the stage about 1840, kept a hotel in Yorkville until a few years ago, and possibly is still living; Gilbert Nexsen died here Oct. 17, 1855; Miss Julia Wheatley married in 1840, and retired from the stage. Mrs. Wood died in Manchester, Eng., July 29, 1864; James H. Mason arranged the music for the production of the music, did the libretto, and, with her brother, had made her American debut upon this stage Dec. 6, 1832, never attained a very prominent position; Mr. Harrison, who, with his wife, made his American debut in this theatre June 25, 1833, died here Sept. 23, 1846; Miss Emma Wheatley, subsequently Mrs. James Mason, died in this city July 16, 1834; Henry Placide died in Babylon, L. I., Jan. 23, 1870; John A. Fisher died in New York in July, 1847; Mrs. Harrison, the widow of her husband, died in Boston, Sprague, aged 81, Feb. 24, 1847; Miss Emma Turnbull and Miss Julia Turnbull, who has not been heard from in some years; Mrs. E. Conway was a dancer, and her husband, likewise a dancer, had made her debut in this country at the Park in 1832—both retired from the stage subsequently, and opened a dancing-school in this city.

In consequence of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British troops being held this day, the front of the theatre will be brilliantly illuminated, and a transparency exhibited in honor of the occasion.

Last night of the engagement of
MR. and MRS. JOSEPH WOOD.
ON THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 28, 1833,
will be performed the opera of
MASANIELLO, OR THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI,
with New Scenery, Dresses and Decorations. Music by Auber.

Prince	Mr. Walton
Pietro	Reynoldson
Lorenzo, his friend	Mr. Keppel
Ruffino	Hayden
Masaniello	Mr. Wood
Moreno	Blakeley
Commissioner of Taxes	Nexsen
Spanish Dancers	Mr. Collet and Miss Wheatley
Nobles, Pages, Ladies of the Court, Guards, Priests, Peasants, Lazzaroni.	
Princess	Mrs. Wood
Elvira	Mrs. Wood
Fenella	Mrs. Barnes

In which character she will introduce "Di Piacer," with English words, from the opera of "La Gazza Ladra," by Mr. Reynoldson, and the theme and variation of "Though Far from Thee," arranged to two of Auber's melodies by James G. Maeder.

Masaniello's sister.....Miss Rae
After which, A Sailor's Hornpipe.....by.....Mr. Collet
And the Comic Song of

The evening's entertainments to conclude with the Drama of

THE WOOD-DEMON.

Count Holstein	Mr. Harrison
Leolvin	Miss E Wheatley
Willkind	Mr. Placide
Una	Miss Rae
Ghost of Count Rudric	Mrs. Garrison
Rolf	Harvey
Ulric	Nexsen
Gualpho	Fisher
Wood-demon	Blakeley

CHARACTERS OF THE MASQUE.

Spring	E. Wheatley
Summer	Turnbull
Winter	Mr. Collet

Friday, Mr. Wood's Benefit.

FRA DIAVOLO.

Marquis	Mr. Wood
Zerlina	Mrs. Wood

And

THE QUAKER.

Lubin	Mr. Jones
Gillian	Mrs. Wood

Saturday, last night of the engagement of Mast. Burke.

PAUL PRY.

Paul Pry	Master Burke

And

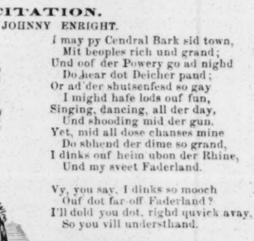
MARCH OF INTELLECT,

in which Master Burke will personate five different characters.

The public is respectfully informed that Mr. and Miss Kemble are engaged for a few nights, and will shortly make their appearance.

MY COLLEEN DHAS MACHREE.

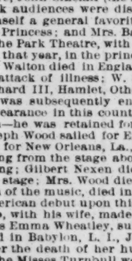
BY WILL E. McNULTY. MUSIC BY FANNIE BEANE.



The shadows fall and low the sun is sinking,
His last rays tinge with gold the waters blue;
And of you, Kate alanna, I am thinking—
Though waves divide us, still I know you're true;
I'll ne'er forget we parted, love, in sadness,
In tears I left you at your cabin door;
But now your letter's filled my heart with gladness,
In ecstacy I've read it o'er and o'er.
Chorus.—Though far from thee, and waves between divide us,
By night and day I'll ever think of thee;
I'll still be true whatever may betide us,
My Kate alanna, colleen dhas machree.

Though years may pass before I'll be returning
To clasp you to my heart, love, as of old,
Yet will I come to thee with hopes high-burning,
And claim my jewel dearer far than gold;
Then, when my bark is proudly homeward dashing,
Oh! let your eyes my signal welcome be,
And keep the lovelight always brightly flashing,
My own, my bouchal, colleen dhas machree.
Chorus.—Though far from thee, etc.

SCARCE HALF MADE-UP.



Here is a study for an artist. The gentleman who appears before you is in the process of "making up." The mysteries of that process are known only to the members of the theatrical profession. Our friend, for example, by simply drawing a line or two under the eyes, would be admirably fitted for heavy tragedy. On the other hand, a skull-cap and a little powder would convert him into a capital clown. Or he might don a red wig, draw up the muscles of his face, and be prepared to grapple with low comedy. If none of these parts pleased him, he could readily assume the guise of a song-and-dance man, relying upon burnt-cork to produce the necessary complexion. This it will be seen that, in his present incomplete state, our friend might be preparing either for Hamlet, or the sawdust-ring, or Toodles, or the minstrel stage. The question cannot be satisfactorily decided until his "make-up" is farther advanced. Which leads us to the sober reflection that all who appear in the glare of the footlights, whether upon the legitimate or variety stage, are fearfully and wonderfully made-up!

A REAL TRUE STORY.

When the J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore Combination started out on a season's tour a few weeks ago, the boy who was engaged to travel and play the youth that "sarses" Lizzie Stofel in the first act disappointed them at the last moment. When they arrived in Edenburg, Pa., in the oil regions, Mr. Williamson got a young urchin out of the street, and rehearsed him in the business. When night came and Miss Maggie Moore as Lizzie Stofel led him on the stage by the ear, and asked him: "What are you here for, you Dutchey?" the boy became frightened and blurted out: "Cause you told me to." The audience fairly shouted. After the conclusion of the act he was told that he could go in the front of the house, and before anybody could stop him he rushed to the curtain, pulled it aside, climbed over the footlights into the orchestra, and wended his way through the audience to a seat, amid roars of laughter. He had forgotten to wash the paint, representing dirt and mud, from his face.

"LOST TO SIGHT."—Mlle. Titiens was once playing in "Il Trovatore." The Troubadour was a little, thin and active Italian. Upon the stage he looked like a lad. He sang his introductory song, and there was a pause. Mlle. Titiens appeared like a giantess, and skipped towards him. They embraced, and a shriek of laughter went up from the whole house. "Il Trovatore" had disappeared altogether: Mlle. Titiens had folded him out of sight.

TAGLIONI AND HER CONTEMPORARIES.

The ballet, which in recent years seems to have fallen far short of its former attractiveness, has in its day saved many a dramatic story from a decisive damning, and rescued many a manager from bankruptcy. Remotely, the ballet had its origin in the religious ceremonies of the ancients. According to Aristotle, the saltatorial art had reached a high state of development even in his time; for, as he wrote, there were then "dancers who, by rhythm applied to gesture, expressed manners, passions and actions." The most celebrated exponents of the pantomimic sacrificial dancers of antiquity were Hyllas, Pylades and Bathyllus. They were males, for it was not until the empire had fallen that female dancers appeared among the Romans; and of the early dancers of her sex was Theodora, who afterwards became the wife of the Emperor Justinian. The ballet of modern times is an inheritance from the kingly courts. The nuptials of Galeas Visconti, Duke of Milan, with Isabella of Aragon were celebrated in a ballet-devised by a nobleman of Tortona. It created such a furor that its introduction into several other countries speedily followed. Guicciardini is authority for the statement that a ballet was performed at the famous meeting between Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, at Ardres, in 1520. France owes much in this respect to Catherine de Medicis and to Baltagerini, her director of music. Between them, in 1581, or eight years before she died, they devised "The Circe and her Nymphs," the production of which cost 3,600,000 livres, or about $720,000. Louis XIII the Just figured in one of these ballets, and Louis XIV the Great frequently danced in them, appearing as early as 1664 and making his last appearance on the stage in the ballet of "Flora," in 1699, when he was fifty-six years of age. These affairs were devoid of dramatic expression, and had to be introduced and explained by singing and recitation. In 1667, Antoine Houart de la Motte assumed the task of reforming the ballet, to which he restored that dramatic action and that expression of passionate feeling which were characteristics of it in the days of Aristotle, three hundred years before the Christian era. About the beginning of the eighteenth century female dancers made their appearance in ballet, which, as well as operas and plays in large part, had been exclusively performed, at least in Europe, by men. There seems to have been no European female dancer of note until 1790, although there was a female actress in London, Eng., as early as 1656, a Mrs. Coleman then performing Ianthe in Sir William Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes," and another in 1656 who performed Desdemona in "Othello." The ballet first became a feature all over Europe in the eighteenth century, about the middle of which Noverre, whom David Garrick pronounced the Shakespeare of the dance, separated it from the opera, imparted to it a dramatic form peculiarly its own, and in his writings laid the basis of an ingenious theory upon the subject, having, previously to leaving her engagements in London, Berlin, Stuttgart, Milan, Naples, Lisbon, etc., he returned to France, where Marie Antoinette made him chief ballet-master of the Royal Academy of Music. In Copenhagen, the ideas of Noverre were so far carried out by the management of M. Laporte, a remarkable man and a celebrated French actor, who succeeded Ebers the bookseller as director of that house, Taglioni was born in Paris, where her father, who had been a ballet-master in Italy, was then a shoppeer. At nine she was placed among the corps de ballet of the Royal Academy, where she remained three years, at the end of which she became a "star." Her London debut occurred in 1830, and it has been described as that of a dancer unrivalling in grace and in the power to the city, and whose agile movements were crowned with an ethereal grace that contrasted most favorably with the less refined and artistic dancing of her predecessors at the King's Theatre. In the ballet of "Guillaume Tell" she was received with rapturous applause. In her Tyrolienne she created quite a novel sensation. She seemed to move with no effort beyond the mere impulse of her own feelings, which were inspired by the music, and were responsive to it. Very large audiences were nightly admitted by the perfect harmony with her rapid changes of attitude and position. Her dancing was marvelous, and all London flocked to the King's Theatre to gaze in wonder at it. All the loveliness of action, music and feeling were wedded into a delightful whole, and that art of so inconsiderable amount of real genius became, as if by magic, full of grace and dignity, whose every movement seemed to embody a statuesque idea. (Cerito, Perrot's pupil, differing from all, was a plump little body, who bounded from place to place with such apparent ease that it seemed as if the gross earth was too commonplace for her rounded lightness. She appeared on the stage with a leap that seemed terrific, only to sink down as softly as a feather, from which she would again rise. She curtseyed with the elasticity of India-rubber ball after its first high rebounds have ceased, and just before it becomes still. Taglioni was always queenly and—that is, fairy queenly—but Cerito was merely mortal, and certainly very material. Elsler was a finished danseuse, who could execute with faultless precision every mechanical portion of a ballet dancer's steps, but still invested all with wonderful grace. Ferraris was one who astounded and delighted the habitues of Her Majesty's Theatre, under Lumley's management. She was a Spaniard whose wonderful art revealed a new beauty in saltatorial exercise. It was this lady's delight to appear, with one or two bounds across the huge stage, from space, absolute and balance, motionless and beautiful. From this she again leaped, again to make a new and motionless picture. Almost another delightful person was Carlotta Grisi, whose execution was marked by a coquettish brilliancy of step, composed of the precision of Cerito and Ferraris, and the vivacity of Carlotta Grisi. She had hosts of admirers. What a quartet that was which delighted the past generation—Taglioni, Elsler, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi, in the celebrated *pas des quatre*—each with a marked individuality, each possessing a grace entirely her own, yet all having one common beauty of execution!

THE RING.

GLOVE CONTEST.

McClellan and Hicken Fight a Draw.

Few in number and select in quality was the gathering which witnessed a private glove contest between Wm. C. McClellan of this city and Harry Hicken of Philadelphia, in a room in the upper part of the metropolis, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 14. The affair was broached shortly after McClellan's easy victory over Jim Murray early last May, but it was allowed to drop, and was not revived until a fortnight or so prior to the day of fighting, a party of gentlemen then promising a purse of five hundred dollars to the victor; but this they "weakened" on later, and reduced the amount to two hundred and fifty dollars, with the understanding that an equal amount should be made up by the sale of tickets to a few of the right sort at a stiff price. Afterwards another hitch occurred, and on the day previous to the consummation of the match it looked as though the whole thing would be quashed when Harry offered his opponent repeated chances to take a crack at the wooden partition, he failed in an attempt at the head. A rally ensued, both men paying strict attention to the head, and fighting all over the room, Hicken always on the aggressive, but at full arm's distance again. Hicken planted a hard one with the left on the os-frontis, to which Mac replied with a right-hander on the side of the head, clinching. After breaking, McClellan visited the victualing department, when Hicken landed his best hit during the contest, catching Mac a clinker on the jaw. Exchanges followed, each getting a good grueling, and in the thick of it "Time up!" was called, and the seconds for the first time picked up the men and carried them to their corners. This round was evenly contested.

5. Hicken as usual led his opponent a dance along the south side of the room towards Mac's corner, just before reaching which Bill let him have the left on the body, following it with the right, which caught Harry on the left cheek knocking his head against a frame hanging on the wall. Each then got in a telling blow with the left, and Harry repeated the dose, catching Mac on the body near the left nipple and the latter went down. *First knockdown* was claimed for Hicken, and allowed after Mac's umpire declared that he saw it, although the referee had no doubt about it, being under the impression that McClellan had slipped.

6. "Put out your left, he'll run against it," said Edwards to Mac. But Harry wasn't running that way; on the contrary, after having his left turned aside, he worked to the left along the side of the room until McClellan's corner was reached, when the latter, tired of delay, dashed at him, but Harry avoided danger by ducking and grappling him around the body. Upon separating, Mac, determined not to let him escape, sent in the left twice on the body, stopped Hicken's return with the left on the mouth, and as Harry's left duke dropped on his nasal organ. He got hunk, however, by a right-handed visitation to the Quaker City boy's cranium, hard enough to warrant the receiver in measuring his length on the floor.

7. So soon as they got within striking distance Mac let go his left, which found a lodgment on the mark, very lightly, Hicken returning a nose-ender. A scramble followed, ending in a clinch, and a break, and during the rapid exchanges which succeeded Hicken went down of his own accord. His seconds picked him up and lugged him to his corner, but the referee ordered him to the scratch again. McClellan dashed in at once, planting the double on body and head, when Hicken clinched him. His breaking away, and the latter planted a hard one with the left at the body, and discharging the starboard bunch at the head with such effect that Hicken was taken clean off his feet, falling heavily on the floor, much to Mac's favor, and his victory was looked upon as a foregone conclusion, bar accident.

8. Though no one knew better than himself the odds he had to contend against, Hicken came up promptly and looking good natured, but weak and tired. Harry was the first to offer, and he let drive, but fell landed on the nose. Mac, who had both eyes wide open, returning on the breast with the left and on the jaw with the right, following them up with another trip to the right—a dancing shot. They then exchanged left-handed compliments on the snoot, and after Mac missed with the right at the head they countered solidly on the body, and then went at it hammer-and-tongs, clinching for a turn. The referee, being unable to get them apart, Mac, whose blood was up, rushed in and delivered one, two, three, when they closed, and while locked the three minutes expired.

9. Upon getting within range Mac led with the left, which brought up on the bread-basket; but when he attempted to follow with the right Hicken stepped aside, and the force of the blow was expended in the air. Exchanges followed, close work terminating in a clinch, and upon being separated Mac delivered left and right with little effect, Hicken replying with a right-hander on the body, when Mac discharged both hands at the head, which was driven against the wall with considerable force, and this he supplemented with a left-handed corker on the mouth. Harry getting a little one in on the body, and McClellan's next shot passing over Hicken's head. A well-fought round.

10. The rattling character of the preceding round told its tale on Harry, who was breathing hard as they faced each other, and Mac, who was in the pink of condition, the latter got to business immediately, sending the left at the body, and missing with the right, as Harry threw his head forward, receiving the blow on the top of the neck. Hicken, in full retreat, got in a light shot on his purser's head, but was repaid by another hit just above the belt, when they embraced in McClellan's corner. Parting, Harry quick as thought, dropped his left on the middle of the head, but got its speed as he sent, and more of them. Mac having the upperhand in the rally which ensued, and Harry getting the worst of it. McClellan, going in for more of it, received a hard one on the mouth, responding with a right-hander on the body. Continuing to force the fighting, the New Yorker, with another discharge at the bulwarks, sent his opponent down on the chair in his (Mac's) corner, from which he took a dive to the floor in the neighborhood, and they came together at Coller's Station, West Va., March 4, 1873. After they had been at it five minutes over the hour, twenty-four rounds being fought, and Harry having the battle in his hands, Campbell's seconds assaulted Ned O'Baldwin, Hicken's principal second, and forced Harry out of the ring; the referee at once made prompt to the call, however, and Mac, easily accepting the invitation to follow him, they were quickly at it again, a couple of harmless offers bringing on a fusilade, and all over the ring they hammered away like smithies. Harry, who was receiver-general, being finally fought down near the centre. The seconds had the men in their arms at once, and as Harry, who required the most attention, was being refreshed by the usual process, he evinced his lack of confidence by the remark: "That fellow's too strong for me."

12. Harry was now working for time, and danced away from McClellan, but the latter would not be denied, and, sailing in, he dropped the right heavily on the side of the head; but when he tried again Hicken was out of harm's way. Mac followed after, and getting within distance delivered both hands with effect on body and nose, when they closed. Mac getting Hicken under his left arm and giving his neck a loving squeeze. They were no sooner apart than they came together again like a pair of gamecocks, Mac delivering the right low down and Hicken countering him hard enough to produce a crimson streak just over the right eye. *First blood* for Hicken allowed. The round was wound up with close-quarters fighting, ending with the Philadelphian measuring his length on the floor in front of the referee. It was not a knockdown, but time was up and the combatants were carried to their corners.

13. The moment they faced, McClellan, anxious to make hay while the sun shone, as the hour was drawing rapid. ly to a close, went at Harry, giving him the benefit of left and right in succession, Hicken stopping the onslaught by seizing him around the body. It was only momentarily, however, for as soon as they broke Mac was in again, getting home two soggers with the right, and stopping Harry's single offer. The latter, being in a corner, had to stand and give battle, both men hitting well; the referee changed which took place between Hicken's worked out of this predicament, but Mac doing most execution. As Hicken retreated towards his corner, McClellan gave chase, and cracked his right on the head; but Harry dodged the blow and took a seat on the floor, Mac falling over him. This round was decidedly in Mac's favor.

14. McClellan fairly outfought Harry, a trick had resumed hostilities, plugging his adversary twice with the left; Harry's retaliatory measure going over Mac's head. A scramble followed, in which Mac was successful, Hicken offered viciously at the body, but the glove barely scraped Hicken's ribs t e men again taking a hug as harry's left went wide of the mark. Exchanges followed, each other again, the New York boy rapidly twice discharged his left Paixhan at the canister, getting there heavily each time, and then, seizing Harry round the neck, he applied the "cross-buttock," and let go to fall on to be let go before doing much damage. A brief rally, in which Hicken braced up and sent in a couple of nice ones, finished up with a clinch, in the latter of which Mac and Harry slipped down in order to avoid. His attendants at once hoisted him for a journey to the corner, but the referee ordered them to drop him. McClellan, out on any other chance, piled in in rare style, hitting his man with both hands on the look-out making Hicken wince and clear away at what might be coming, instead of seeking to retaliate.

15. Weaker and weaker, and more desirous of avoiding danger, grew Master Harry, while Mac was full of fight, and took upon settling Harry after the manner of the Quaker City representative out of time. He went to him instanter, hitting him pretty hard on the mark, but he in turn was countered on the nose, following which he was well-countered on the left ear, both clinched, Hicken dropping to his knees. The cunning Chambers would have bundled Harry off to his corner, but the latter insisted upon settling Mac

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must *be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 19.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Grace
Allen, Mad. (glass-blower)
Ackerman, Irene
Antonie, Annie
Annetta, Mlle. (vocalist)
Blitz, Mrs Rose
Burtis, Lou
Bliss, Emma
Burdick, Dora
Burroughs, Anita L.
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Bradshaw, Mrs. M. A. 6c.
Bent, Bella
Christie, Carrie
Centright, Mrs. Wm.
Covelli, Mrs. Chas.
Courtright, Mrs. Julia
Cowell, Miss Sidney
Crayton, Gussie
Crabtree, Lotta
Cole, Leona
Chrisey, Carrie
Duvalli Sisters
Delmyr, Lu in
Deland, Annie
Denier, Maggie
Dargon, Augusta L.
Delange, Minnie
Ellis, Florence (Sappho)
Eagan & Josie
Farran, Jennie
Foy Sisters
Ferguson, Della
Grant, Ethel (2)
Garrettson, Fannie
Gaugain, Marie (2)
Gray, Maggie (vocalist)
Garland, Grace
Holman, Mrs G. (of Holman's Co.)
Henrietta, Mlle.
Holman, Sallie (of Holman's Sp. Co.)
Hallet, Alta
Hughes, Jennie
Hall, Minn.e
Irving, Nellie
Jarrettson, Fannie 6c.
Jutau, Emma. 9c.
Kreyon, Lesta
Keen, Mrs. Julie
Kurtzweil, Johannah (2) 4c
La Rose, Ella
Lang, Ione (2)
Leonard, Mrs. W.
Lee, Rose
Lewis, Ida E.
Le Roy, Lizzie
Lucille, Fannie
Livingston, Ida
Lynwood, Ida
Martin, Alice (with Orrin Bros. (4)4c.
Maxwell, Kate (2)
Martella, Ivy
Morris, Ida
Morris, Clara
Montrose, Nellie
Mc Laslin, Nettie
Melville, Tillie
Mitchell, Lottie
Nelson, Annie (English p. o. m.)
Orsman, Irene
Phillips, Amy (p.o. Milan, Italy)
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters)
Putnam, Katie
Phillips, Amy
Revere, Helene
Ransom, Alice (H (7)
Rowe, Mrs. Jas. D.
Rankson, Mrs. J. W.
Russell, Millie
Richmond, Adah
Sothern, Jennie
Stewart, Mattie
Swedish Vocal Concert
Selwyn, Blanche
Schofield, Imogene
Schott, Angie
Spaulding, Georgie Dean
Sutherland, Agnes
Shanley, Josephine
Wood, Rose
Williams, Gussie (2)
Wyndham, Alice (2)
Walter, Florence (with H Lindley)
Woods, Carrie
Whitlaw, Kittie
Wildmah, Mrs. Clara
Wisner Sisters
Woods, Annie (vocalist)
Wiley, Dora H. (3)
Zoula Mollie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adair, Thos. J.
Alexander, Wm. B.
Austin Bros.
Allen, W. H. (2)
Almonde, Jas.
Bird, G. F. (of Templeton's Co.)
Barnes, Fred (2)
Banker & Mills
Bell, Frank
Brelsford, R. M
Brown, W. Sedley
Blossom, Nat (2)
Brown, Col. T. A.
Bishop, J. P.
Butler, C. (of Brougham's Co.
Barnet, J. (of Globe Dram. Co.)
Bryant, Neil
Bush, I. T.
Bishop, W. (Bishop Splinters)
Bailey, W. H. (of Baby Comb.)
Barlow, Wm.
Barnum, P. T. 4c.
Barnes, Lucien (2)
Bryant & Williams
Brooks, Lew
Blackford, J. (of Dup. & Ben Mins.)
Bradini, —(female-impersonator)
Beedle, Mr. (of Beedle's B. R.)
Blitz, Francis R.
Blitz, Eugene
Baird, J. W.
Baldwin, Prof. S. S.
Byron, O. Doud
Bogle, Jas. E.
Budworth & Cohen
Colville, Sandy. (2)
Callender, Chas.
Clark, Jas. W. (banjo-maker)
Crawford, Capt. J. W.
Curley, H. C.
Cerini, Barry
Carlton & Waverly
Clayton & Weston
Crane, Chuck
Cowles, Sid. B.
"C. L. V." (2)
Cook, Jno (Geo. Hoffick)
Cummins & White
Cook, J. (Pres. Equest. Assn.)
Colvin, C. D.
Carrol, Billy (of Harris & Carroll)
Cooper, J. (of Oakes & Harding)
Cogswell, W. J.
Cole, Lew
Corvells, Bob
Cook, Jas. (late of Queen's Cir.)
Collyer, Ed. F. F.
Costley, Jos.
Chapman, Thos.
Cook, Arthur (2)
Callender's Georgia Minst.
Carleton, Frank
Cromwell, G. R.
Chanrau, F. S.
Crane, Wm. Wyles
Daly, Bobby & Alice
Dockstader, Chas.
Debony, John
Dunbar, Frank
Dalton, J. T. (2)
Diamond, Chas.
Dunn, Chas. (of Dot & Spark
Dearborn, Dr. J. W. (2)
Dumont, Frank (of Callender's Minst.)
Emidy, Dick (of Callender's Minst.)
Everett, Geo.
Emidy, R. S.
Fraser, Robt. (4)
Frankum, G. W.
Franklin & Co. (circus "biz")
Fuller, T. J. (slack-wire "biz")
Forbes Ned (late of Janesville Wis. (2)
Fielder, Al. D. (late of Barnum's Cir.)
Fontaine, Wm.
Florence, Geo. A.
Fitzhugh, Jack (2) 4c.
Forbes, Chas.
Frame, Frank
Fisher, H. (late of Taylor's Co.)
France, Sid C.
Fitzgerald, Lacey
Fuller, Hugh (of Cincinnati)
Grady, G. G.
Gannon, Jas.
Graham, Jas. A.
Gregston, W. A. Sc.
Gerson, Edmon (2)
Gallagher, Joe R.
Gotthold, E. M. (2)
Greene, J. (of Taylor, Greene & Co.)
Gowan, J. (of Gowan's Orchestra)
Gloin, Gilbert
Gale, W.
Goodwin, Jr., Nat C. (2)
Grover, B. H.
Gaffney, Andrew
Goss, Ned
Hayden, W. R.
Hogan, John
Harrison, G. W. (of Two Orph. Co.)
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Heath, F. C.
Haywood, W. (of Heywood Bros. (2)
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Hengler, T. M.
Howard, C. H.
Hilliard, Mr. (of Hill & Hunting)
Holman's Eng. Op. Co.
Hudson, O. P.
Hamilton, Theo.
Harold, D. (of Holman & Hall)
Howard, Ned (pianist)
Hotto, Harry
Harkins, Wm. L.
Hawkins, Mr. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Heath, T. K.
Huntley, Wm. A.
Hawley & Noon
H. M. B.
Johnson, Arthur G.
Jennings, J. (of Manchester & Jennings Co.)
Jackson, T. R. (of Jackson Printing Co.
Jefferson, Prof.
Keene, Chas. A.
Keith, Mr.
Kemp, Jack
Lennox, G. H. (of N. O. Minst.)
Lally & Mack
Levantine, Prof. F.
Lovell, W. (of Lingard's Co.)
Levino Bros. (2)
Leonard, W. (of Cole's Cir.)
La Thorne, Mons.
Lyle, Jas. (of Edinburg, Scot.) 18c.
Lewis, Frank
Little, Chas.
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Liley, Chas. A.
Leonard, W. H.
Larkin, J.
Leland, Matt
Lee, Wm. H. (Wrestling Joe)
Lennox, Geo. J.
Lally & Mack
Lee, Francis (of Kelly & Leon)
Miller, Henry (cornetist)
Mulligan, R. (of Mulligan & Weaver)
Murray, Ed. J.
Meyer & Wiegmann
Miaco, Wm.
McFinn, S. J.
McDonald, Wyles
Mack, J. H.
McCarty, Chas. (of Howe's Cir.)
McEvoy, John (Hibernicon "biz")
Mitchell, W. H.
Maffitt, Jno.
Magniley, Ben
Milligan, Bob
McGlone, Pete
Moak, Geo. A.
Murphy, Con T.
Macalister, Prof. J. M.
Misco, Al (gymnast)
Morris, Sam
Mack, Jno. (of Murphy & Mack)
Morris, T. (late of Denin's Co.)
Martin, Master
Maxwell, Barrio
Mackley, F. J.
Macart, Fred
Mayo & Fish
Mack, Wm.
Marrettia, Wm.
Mullen, J. J.
Mullen & Magee
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Mullen & Magee
Murphy & Harley's Minst.)
Morris Bros. (song and dance)
Murphy, Jas.
Morrison, Lewis
Morris, J. R.
Morton, Jas.
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Newcomb, Bobby
Nelson, Milton
Our Boarding House
Owens, Thos. E.
Osborne, Harry
O'Lynn, Bryan
Ogden, R. Dorsay
Parmelee, H. L.
Peel, Billy
Pitou, Aug.
Primrose, Geo. H.
Paine, Ira A.
Phillips, Wm. F.
Prismato, C. (with Guy Family)
Peakin, Wm. (2)
Parker, Lewis
Porter, Ben C.
Phillips, Harry
Perkins, F. L.
Quitter & Goldrich
Reed, Ned da Sola
Ratcliff, Tom B.
Robinson Family (specialty artists)
Rogers, Jas. Blaine
Rickaby, John
Russell, Sol S. (2)
Ross & Mack
Ring, L.
Ryman, W. (of Leavitt's Minst.)
Robinson, Dan Z.
Roylance, E. J.
Russell, Jas. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Robinson, Billy (minst., "biz")
Ross, Willie
Rothwell, T. G.
Ryan, W. J.
Russell, F. (of Russell & Wilson)
Raynor, John
Richards, comedy
Richards, August
Stevens, John A.
Sherick, Mark
Searles, E. J. (of Dup & Ben. Mins.)
Sheridan Bros.
Sheppard, Morris
Sells Bros.
Stanley, Ernest
Slavin, J. H. (2)
Sprague, D. J.
Sovey, M. D.
Smith, Shurley 2c.
Stodart, J. H.
Sadler, Thos.
Sutton, Geo.
Skiff, M. T.
Stickney, Robt. T.
Stockings, Frank
Snow, Ben (of Snow Bros
Stetson, E. T.
Spaulding's Bell Ringers
Storey, C. H.
Stickney, Robt.
Tuthill, W. F.
Texas Jack's Combination
Thornton, A. G. (2)
Teets, A. (of Mad. Duclos Co.)
Thompson, Albert 3c.
Tarr, E. S. (of Evangeline Co.)
Thompson, Den (2)
Tapper, Chas.
Victorelli, W.
Vivian, Chas.
Van Derwerker, Aaron
Wade, Thos. (of Boyd & Wade)
Woodruff, Jas.
Ward, Billy
Widows, Fred (agent)
Whittaker, Lewis B.
Wright, Frank (actor)
Wingfield, John
Wilson, R. G. (late of Cincinnati
Wheeler, Phillip (late of Newark, N.J.)
Winnett, Thos. J.
Wilson, J. J. (actor)
Wallworth, D. W.
Waldron, D. G. (manager)
Watson, E. W.
Welling, W. (of California Quartet.)
White, Ed. T.
Wirk, A.
Wilson, Mike (of Wilson Bros')
Williams, J. (Lancashire Lad)
White, G. W. (comed.)
Watson, Fred
Whitehead, J. C.
Whitland, John
Washburn, E. S.
Whittaker, John
Walker, Thos.
Wood & West
Weaver, Jr., Add
Way, Charlie
Weltzein, Chas. F.
Wright, Frank
Wright, Frank
Wheeler, E. (of Lester & Williams)
Wagner, Cal
Young, Chas. W.
Yates, Ben
Zegrino, Jean
Zera, Prof.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 19, '77.

There is always something going on in this great and glorious city to keep us awake and make us thankful that we are alive and doing well and in the enjoyment of our inalienable rights as guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States, and the natural blessings which ever attend the upright and perfect man, as you are aware. Outside of the legitimate sensations of the week the ghost of Commodore Vanderbilt was made to walk and show cause why his last will and testament should not be revised and corrected, and adapted to the wants of those members of the family who were left to perish of hunger and things like that. We thought to ourselves, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue;" then we experienced a happiness that none but the pure in heart can feel as we recollected that it was none of our funeral, and that the opulent family of the late lamented must bear the burden of the newly resuscitated skeleton, and have all the secrets of the parents and children disclosed to public view. Oh, it is distressing. Then Mary Anderson dropped down upon us "like a thief in the night," and we gave her such a reception as she may well feel proud of. Every paper in this truth-telling field of journalism has had something nice to say of blue-eyed Mary. Her good points have been commended "without money and without price," and her defects have been pointed out in the kindliest manner and in a creditable desire to assist the young lady as she commences her ascent of the ladder of fame. We have taken her by the lily-white hand, and we are leading her into paths of pleasantness and peace; we join with each other in an earnest effort to direct her youthful footsteps in the proper grooves, and we uplift her just as though she possessed all "riches of Golconda." Mary had a little lamentation before coming here, being fearful of "the critical ogres of New York," as we are called by the untamed hyenas of the provinces; but her fears have been dispelled, the clouds have been riven, and upon the fair young head of the American actress the sun of light and truth has beamed with a lucky worthy of a grand transformation scene. (We don't believe any other paper has said this.—Ed.) And then came the Elks benefit at the Academy of Music, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 15. Dear, dear, what a crowd! Every square inch occupied, and hun——. In behalf of our Elkish friends, let us thank one and all who volunteered their services, and so ably contributed to the great enjoyment of the vast assemblage; and, without desiring to single any out for special commendation, we may be pardoned for referring to that trio of loveliness, the American actresses Clara Morris, Lotta and Mary Anderson, who so kindly assisted in the good cause which forms the foundation of the Elkonian edifice. Miss Clara and Lotta, already occupying reserved seats in public estimation, received an ovation when they appeared, the stranger in our midst, the lovely Mary, was at once made to feel that she had fallen among friends, for "the house rose at her," and thus the boys sustained their reputation for gallantry and manly bearing. The sum received by the benefit was nearly twenty-eight hundred dollars, to be added to the fund for the relief of the distressed. To the public who so nobly responded to the appeal of the Elks, as they ever respond to the call of charity, in behalf of the order we tender many thanks, with the hope that they may never know what it is to want, but that their paths through life may be strewn with the flowers of loveliness; and their end, peace! And then we had the reopening of "The Drunkard's Home" at Niblo's Garden; and such jams! Ten times worse than the jim-jams, so closely identified with the drunkard's home. The people poured into the theatre like a fellow-feeling attracted them there, and let us hope that some out of those vast assemblages profited by the lesson taught in the representation of "The Drunkard's Home," which is far better than a temperance lecture and its accompanying frightful example. And there's the circus! More crowds, more delighted assemblages, and more serene and gratified managers. We take in the circus once each week, and we are made happier and kindlier thereby..... We observe that Frank Frayne is to appear at the Brooklyn Park this week. It would not be proper to say that his performances are unrified—which you will consider ately call unrivaled—but there can certainly be no objection to saying that he is a shooting star. Indeed his—but we will re-Frayne..... No jealousy, no refusal to pay a fine. All a mistake, you see. To be sure, it spoils a very pretty story, but it is better to have the truth than any number of pretty stories—even though they be serials. Mr. Goodwin has given his account of the slight misunderstanding, which differs materially from that printed in the newspapers. Here it is:

THE CORRECT VERSION.

'Twas merely a friendly little fight.
W ich has ra'sed such a deuce ot a din:
And Goodwin says that he won, which was right,
For the Good should always win!

.....When we heard Brignoli, the other night, sing "Love Once Again," we felt that we could love fifteen or twenty times again, if by so doing the melody of the song would be prolonged. And yet, listening to the same words warbled by the young man who boards across the street, we made up our mind that we would never love anything again, unless it was to wring that young man's neck. Such is the varied power of music..... Which reminds us that Marie Rose is announced to blossom sometime about the holidays. We would call her sweet Christmas Rose, only gallantry of that kind sometimes gets a man into trouble..... Yes, it *was* a success, and let us all be thankful that the Elks didn't come out the little end of the horn. [We resist the temptation to say upon how high horn is naturally suggested when coupled with Elks.] It was a rare bill, flavored with pungent variety, brightened by superior dramatic talent, harmonized by sweet music and sprinkled with wholesome mirth. The public got its money's worth, and something more. A verse? Well, yes, James—we are not averse. Be careful how you grind, though, for this is a very difficult subject with which to grapple:

THE ELKS.

Should anyone ask what the meaning may be
Of Elks, 'twill denote that the fellow's a goose;
They call themselves Elks for the reason, you see,
That all of them study the art to a—moose.

[The sympathetic reader will kindly pronounce "a-moose" as if written "amuse," and at the same time preserve the rhyme to "goose."—ED.]..... The managers of the London Circus are all alive, and ever on the lookout for something fresh. They now give us a wrestling-bear on the Græco-Roman plan—catch-as-catch-can, and so-forth. It is very proper that, after showing us such splendid bareback riding, they add to the list a bear bareback falling! [This is a neat little conceit, concocted in the interest of bear and for bear.—ED. CLIP.]..... And so it has come to this complexion at last. Boucicault, like Diogenes of old, is now going about with an old lantern trying to find an honest critic who can tell what a comedy is! This is sad..... Owing to the hard times and the depressed condition of all luxuries, you can now buy a Circassian girl in Constantinople for two hundred dollars! That's what the papers say. But be not in a hurry, good, virtuous friends, for when we tell you that, cheap as this is, they get up an equally good article in Williamsburg for less money, you will be overjoyed, and kindly thank us for putting you in the way of saving a hundred dollars..... Here's another way to save money. When Lester Wallack performs in his own theatre, he charges you one dollar and a half for a reserved seat. This week he is fulfilling an engagement at the Grand Opera-house, and reserved orchestra-seats are only fifty cents each. Here then is a chance to save one dollar on every ticket! Another instance of the debilitating effects of hard times..... The musical efforts of James remind us that, although Tony Pastor is singing about Emma, and declaring that she is "mine," the young woman referred to in the song is really no relation to the once famous Emma Mine. This ought to be considered, because if she is mine was not productive of ore, while the song is called for o'er and o'er again. [Observe that this is a brilliant Emma-nation.]..... James surprised us amazingly the other day by informing us that one of his former companions had "got into Congress." Searching inquiry revealed the fact that the young man had secured the position of doorkeeper to a museum, "and," added James, "aint he a part of the Congress of Wonders?" And the boy has fallen as low as that!..... There is nothing hackneyed about Harrigan and Hart's "New York Hackman." With all the abuse which has been heaped upon hack-drivers, we have always regarded them kindly, inasmuch as they ask only *fare* therefor..... And speaking of fairs, there is the American Institute, which has been exhibiting its multitudinous attractions to an "appreciative" public. Many wonderful inventions are to be seen there; but the Institute has yet to discover the man who can invent an actor that shall pronounce m y "my," and not "me." And this is the last week of the exhibition, also..... Lovell's Lion Comique is disposed to be hypercritical, nor to subscribe ourselves as a disciple of Richard Grant White, but we *should* like to know what they mean by advertising the Midgets as "the marvelous little humans." If this is the use to which the English language is to be put, we may expect, before long, to read of the venerable "balds," the light-weight "fat-sticks," and the ambitious "tall-oaks." You remember the butter woman, don't you? She who sculped a "Dreaming Iolanthe" out of five pounds and a half of Orange County butter, and created such a sensation at the Centennial Exhibition. Well, we are now told that Mrs. Brooks is getting up a man's head, made out of the same material, for the "Coming Man." Now, we'll bet anything you choose that she'll just let that head melt away to nothing before we get a glimpse of "The Coming Man," such is woman's partiality for her own sex, and natural aversion to the other. You'll see..... Talking of sculping, reminds us of an attempt at scalping, and the Indians had better look out for "The Coming Man," either. It was the attempt of another lo! sct. He was selling tickets in front of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, when one of the Mayor's myrmidons froze to him, and took him in; but the magistrate discharged the ticket-seller, who had committed no offense in the opinion of the Justice. Kl yi! Big Ingin. Young-man-not-afraid-of-scalping!..... We tell it to you, but don't let it go any further: Oakey Hall is going to join the vast army of lecturers. Jarrett & Palmer will experiment with him first in Boston. If *they* stand it, then he will ravage the country..... Sothern is to appear in a "Hornet's Nest" next week. He came pretty near getting in a hornet's nest when he declined to perform for the noble Elks, which would have been more than three buzzes and a stinger. He saved himself by sending a check for fifty dollars..... It began with the "crushed" tragedian, and now we have the "mashed" tragedian, the "stage-struck" tragedian, the "uncrushed" tragedian, and several healthy tragedians yet to hear from!..... We were grieved the other day to read the announcement that "Harley waltzes against Cartier this evening." Why, we asked ourselves, why should Mr. Harley waltz against Mr. Cartier? We so far as observation goes, it is exceedingly awkward for one man to waltz against another. It is apt to trip him up, or at least to throw him out of step. And if Mr. Harley knew beforehand—as he must have done in order to advertise the fact—that he was going to waltz against Mr. Cartier, why did he not notify that gentleman, so that he might keep out of the way? He was all very mysterious with Small James explained that the two men were simply going to test their powers of dancing, "to find out which is the boss waltzist."..... We have clutched it at last! Here, right in New York, at one of the Terpsichorean palaces, we have a "Berlin Orpheum and Vienna Colosseum." That is the classic language of the bills, and we never dispute bills—except they be gas bills. There are marvelous things in this Berlin *Orpheum* and *Colosseum*, but it is necessary to *fee 'em* in order to *see 'em*. [That is what we clutched.]..... You have some things in life yet to learn, James, and one of them is that the announcements in the newspapers of "continued success," "hundreds turned away nightly," "houses packed to the door," and other similar expressions, are not always to be accepted with that same implicit confidence which you would place in a man who told you that hot buckwheat cakes are good for breakfast. Such notices are not intended to deceive, but they sometimes do. The represent what the manager would like to see, and not what he actually does see..... We suppose that they speak of an actress' "electric" success because she is followed by so many sparks!..... The Count Johannes we have always with us, but now we are promised a live Countess in the person of the famous actress Modjeska. We are in duty to receive her just as if she were on the same plane with the rest of us, and count the countess in..... Henry Watterson is to lecture here on Tuesday evening, Nov. 20. He's *The Courier-Journal* man of Louisville. Now, if anybody has a grudge against him, here is a chance to get hunk. And yet our voice counsels peace and good will to the Louisville man..... The Hutchinson Family are coming—tribe of Aza—who, as a tribe, have given us some very choice music in their day. Let's give 'em a welcome, and thus show that we have no fault to find with Asa and his tribe..... Let Eben Plympton and her other support brace up a little this week when Mary Anderson comes forth as Juliet. Give Mary a chance..... Mr. and Mrs. Harold Power should not attempt to deceive the American people by announcing they're "at Home," when everybody knows that they belong in England. We try to make people *feel* "at home" with us, but we detest falsehood, don't you?

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The spiritualists who recently went to the trouble of interviewing Ben De Bar and Miss Lucille Western are respectfully informed that a gorilla died in Berlin last week. His experience may prove valuable, inasmuch as, having been the only gorilla in all Europe, his advantages for "crossing the Styx" have been superior to those enjoyed by precessive gorillas..... Prof. Paul Valleau Cartier, beginning at 6.30 o'clock on the evening of Nov. 16 and finishing at 1.30 on the following morning, waltzed successfully in this city for seven hours, being accorded the privilege of changing from waltz to glide whenever he got tired of the former. Lagerbeer, beef-tea and crushed ice constituted his sole nourishment during those seven hours. If whiske y cannot make a man do better than this, there are no all-night dancers in Ireland..... The Western press condemns the management that required or permitted Miss Mary Anderson to make her metropolitan debut as Pauline, instead of as Bianca or Mez Merrilles..... John Van Bareleve Hicks, one of the noted choir of St. Clement's P. E. Church, Philadelphia, died in that city on Nov. 18, aged 34..... What Shall the Verdict Be?" is the companion conundrum to Rouge et Noir's "What is a comedy?" The Hon. A. Oakey Hall will inquire as to the "verdict," beginning first at Music Hall, Boston, on Nov. 26. Jarrett & Palmer have got hold of this thing, which is described as "dramatic, legal, and historical." Sounds like a boy's book. Heretofore but a sketch, is to be expanded into a four-act drama by its author, Edward Harrigan, and the management of the Theatre Comique will make it the holiday feature there..... Clara Morris' play, Miss Mackaye's new play is a high-bred young lady, all unused to city life. She is attracted by the polish of a man of the world, and marries that polish. Her introduction to society and her experience therein furnish incidents for the remainder of the play..... Henry Otto, whose career is briefly sketched in our Musical Department, was played to his tomb, on Sunday last, by two bands of music..... Mason and Dixon's line seems to have been transferred to Great Britain, now that we have no use for it on this side. It happens, as our advertising columns will explain, to be song-and-dance..... A San Francisco correspondent requests us to announce "the death of the old banjoist Jake Hamilton. He was fifty-seven years of age, and had lately been of Haverly & Macguire's Georgia Minstrels." He died in San Francisco on Nov. 4, of consumption. He was not known to us, nor to G. W. H. Griffin, of Cool White, or Neil Bryant, who was in California twenty-five years ago, and again in 1876. Hence we conclude that he was probably a colored man, and one of *Hicks'* Georgia Minstrels, whom Maguire was to have sent to Australia about a year ago.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, as a sequel to "Marriage," they have for a week past been showing "The White Feather." It will bear explanation that this was the original and more expressive title of a three-act play well known in England as "False Shame," and in this country both as that and as "New-Year's Eve." Frank Marshall wrote the feathery role of Lord Chilton five years ago expressly to fit H. J. Montague, who was then one of the joint lessees of the Globe Theatre, London. The piece is a clever one, and is as cleverly played at Wallack's as it was at the original Fifth-avenue Theatre in December, 1872, when it was first seen in America. It may be remembered that it was also the last piece played at that theatre, burned after the matinee of Jan. 1, 1873. Constance Howard, mischievous and high-spirited, was then played by Fanny Davenport. It is now in the care of Miss Stella Boniface, a chrysallis whose development should be watched with care. Her recent success in "Marriage" is fully duplicated in "False Shame." She impersonates Constance changing to being much older for it than was Miss Davenport, whose line is now Magdalen Atherleigh, then depicted by Clara Morris, but entrusted at Wallack's to Miss Rose Coghlan, whose portraiture, apart from being perhaps not displeasingly uneven, slightly resembled the Magdalen of Miss Morris. The numbers of the company not previously seen this season were J. W. Shannon (Earl of Dashington), W. A. Eytinge (Lieut. Percy Gray), C. E. Edwin (Hon. Charles Ewart), and J. Peck (Wilson). Edwin Arnott, E. M. Holland, John Gilbert, Master W. Deverna and Mme. Ponisi, severally as Bragleigh, Philip, Jack Edwards, Dodridge and Mrs. Howard, completed the bill. Attendance fluctuating, and not more than fair at best.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS enjoyed improved houses last week in compliment to a fine programme. The "Trip to Europe," representing the entire company on the deck of a White Star steamer, proved highly amusing, and the close imitation of the sound of the machinery in motion was thoroughly appreciated. Arthur Bent's "Clipper Polka," announced as an original cornet solo, is clearly the composition of Neil Bryant in the days when he squeezed the accordeon at the old Franklin Theatre, in Chatham square, which was about the time that the first clipper-ship was launched; while "The Fife and Drum Major," by Dave Reed, was at least original in its being a capital bone-solo, without recourse to either fife or drum, though mimicking "The Rogue's March" and other airs suggestive of both instruments. Little Mac's "Essence of Old Virginny" was another marked feature of the programme, in the vocal part of which there were two departures from the original announcement, J. Rapier singing "Don't Go, Mollie Darling," instead of "I Hear the Cuckoo Yet," and Billy Emerson failing back to "Come where my Love lies Dreaming" to "Sleep, Good-night." By request of E. A. Sothern, the burlesque of "The Crushed Tragedian" ceased to be called that after the first night, and became "The Stage-struck Tragedian" and "The Mashed Tragedian" successively. It is ceaselessly amusing, and the honors of the presentation fall to Hughey Dougherty, F. B. Wilson (of Macklin and Wilson), Justin Robinson, and Charles Wilson (of Sanford and Wilson).

NOTWITHSTANDING that the average business done by the London Circus since its opening has been larger than that by any similar troupe that has ever performed in this city, the management materially increased the strength of the company the past week by the addition of several talented and well-known performers. These included Charles W. Fish, Robert Stickney, the Miranda Sisters, W. H. Batcheller, Mr. Stowe, and the Langlois Brothers. Charles W. Fish, as he stepped into the arena, received an enthusiastic welcome, and his reception of the feat of the bareback rider in a principal act, his graceful pirouettes, his daring backward and forward somersaults over banners and through balloons, his leaps from the ground to the back of his steed, and his ease of pose during his rapid riding at the close of his act, excited the admiration and wonder of the spectators. His success was the greeting extended to Robert Stickney, who made his first appearance in this city after an absence of several years. He was seen in a four-horse act, presenting a commanding appearance, and managing his horses with rare skill, while the various positions he assumed, although fraught with danger, were maintained with dignity and apparent ease. A temporary indisposition on the part of Miss Morlan from entering into friendly competition with the corps of vaulters, he having of late won no little reputation in that specialty. The spectators, however, suffered no disappointment, because he had not been announced as a competitor. The Miranda Sisters gave a difficult trapeze act which met with success, and an opportunity was afforded those present to compare their performances with those of the Lawrence Sisters, who later in the evening gave similar feats. W. H. Batcheller and Mr. Stowe appeared with the corps of lofty vaulters led by Fred. O'Brien, and both turned double somersaults while leaping over five elephants. The Langlois Brothers exhibited their skill as Egyptian jugglers, giving much satisfaction. Their performances have been so frequently reviewed in THE CLIPPER that a detailed description thereof is unnecessary. Mme. Dockrill continued her flying hurdle-act, and gave proof of her wonderful powers of endurance, on the night we were present, by leaping through thirty balloons successively without showing any fatigue. We assured that on the previous night she jumped through thirty-four. Frank Melville rode a graceful and effective somersault and principal act, and W. Conrad revived an old-timer called "The Sports of Atlas," which consisted of juggling a large globe with his feet while reclining upon the back of his horse.

MISS MARY ANDERSON made her metropolitan debut at the Fifth-avenue Theatre Nov. 12, acting Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," in the presence of an audience which filled the theatre in every part. The play was continued during the week; but the attendance fell off in a marked degree, even though several obstacles to contend against—the enthusiastic reports of her artistic abilities which had preceded her, the selection of a character that was lily fitted to display her talents to the best advantage, and a company, somewhat hastily collected, who as a whole afforded incompetent support. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, and the natural anxiety which must be felt by every artist who for the first time faces a metropolitan audience, she succeeded in demonstrating that she possesses a great deal of histrionic ability, which, although somewhat crude, needs only fostering care and proper direction to fully develop. In characters of a pronounced and thoroughly tragic nature that, it is thought, she will best succeed. In stature she is quite tall, her figure is lithe, her face is pretty, yet rather small, and her voice is powerful, clear and resonant. Her enunciation is very distinct, but her pronunciation is somewhat pedantic, and in some instances erroneous—faults that time and practice should eradicate. The most marked display of her ability was given in the fourth act, and her best "point" was made when she rose from a sitting posture, while listening to the criminal overtures of Beauseant, and after her figure had dilated to its full height she, with a sweeping gesture of the left arm, remarkable for its freedom and grace, in trumpet tones bade him leave the house. The effect upon the audience was electrical, and the applause was most liberal. It would be unjust to attempt to decide upon her artistic merits from this single impersonation. Of the company the less said, perhaps, the better; the laughter excited by several of them on the opening night was not so freely elicited on subsequent occasions. For future reference the cast is appended: Pauline, Mary Anderson; Mme. Deschapelles, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge; Widow Melnotte, Mrs. Mary Hill; Claude, Joseph Sympson; Beauseant, J. W. Summers; Glavis, George Becks; Col. Damas, H. B. Norris; M. Deschapelles, John Moore; Gaspar, F. Fenton; Jabot (the landlord), E. Marble; the Notary, Mr. McAritney. The play was effectively mounted, the scenery being by J. Thompson, the costumes by Mr. Eaves, and the furniture by Spher & Co. and Ryder & Sigmus. The theatre is as follows: Lessee and manager, Stephen Wilke; directing-manager, Hart Jackson; stage-manager, John Moore; musical-director, Frank Peterschen; stage-machinist, D. Mackensie; gas-engineer, J. Scollen; scenic-artist, J. Thompson; property-master, G. Davidson.

THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF "The Crushed Tragedian," at the Park Theatre is announced for to-night, Nov. 19. "The Hornet's Nest," with Mr. Sothern as Sydney Spoonbill, is to be acted for the first time in this city Nov. 20. Attendance last week fair.

AT HARRY MINER'S AMERICAN the newcomers announced for this week are the Robinson Family, Thomas Hedges, the Grinnell Children, McConnell and Regan, Alfredo and Monticello and A. Philion.

AN EXCELLENT BUSINESS was done by the San Francisco Minstrels the past week. "The Funny Babies" has made a marked hit, and is received with shouts of laughter. Billy Birch and Charley Backus as "The Society Actors" was the only change in the programme, which was replete with choice songs, witticisms, songs-and-dances by Johnson and Powers; a burlesque stump-speech by Bob Hart; prima-donna songs by Ricgardo; and banjo songs and funny stories by Edwin French.

A BABY SHOW is to be held in Meade's Midget Hall, commencing Nov. 26. It is announced that $1,000 is to be distributed in prizes.

CRANE AND ROBSON, we are informed by Manager Abbey, are to fulfill an engagement at the Park Theatre, succeeding the revival of "Baby," which is to follow John T. Raymond, who commences an engagement after Mr. Sothern retires.

MRS. G. L. FOX, Sam Devere, Add Ryman and Dr. S. M. Landis are to soon appear at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

W. E. CHAPMAN, late business-manager of the John Brougham Combination, is to sail for England Nov. 21.

"FIENDISH THE GASLIGHT" is to be acted at the matinee Thanksgiving in Booth's Theatre.

N. C. GOODWIN, Venus and Adonis, the Irwin Sisters, Nully Pieris, Wm. Hayle, Tony Marcello, Harry Woodson, Frank Bell and Hannah Birch are billed at the Theatre Comique Nov. 19.

TWO BEARS that wrestle with human athletes are to be added to the attractions of the London Circus this week.

E. T. GOODRICH is the star at the Bowery Theatre.

J. B. STUDLEY as Mercutio, F. Chippendale as Capulet, and Thomas Whiffen as Peter, in "Romeo and Juliet," are to reinforce the company at the Fifth-avenue Theatre this week.

THE NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM to-day, Nov. 19, commences the second year of its existence, and in the past it has been a year of success. The collection of curiosities now on exhibition includes Francis Uffner's Midgets and Captain M. V. Bates and wife, who were added last week. Admiral Dot, one of the smallest character artists in the world, and the musical Lilliputian family from Germany also joined the congress of nature's eccentricities during the week, and the public seem to appreciate Mr. Bunnell's efforts, and the attendance has been large. New features are promised this week, and the old ones will be retained.

"AN ANNIVERSARY and Reunion Dinner" is to be given by the attaches of the New American Museum, complimentary to George B. Bunnell, proprietor, and in commemoration of the commencement of the second year of that institution, Nov. 20.

JOHN BROUGHAM continues seriously ill at his residence, in this city. He has had but very little sleep since his arrival from Cleveland. It is thought that absolute mental and physical rest may bring him about in a few weeks.

FANNIE KNIGHT, the Antonio Sisters—Lottie and Amalie—Wash Antonio and Dan J. Sprague left for McDaniels' Theatre, Cheyenne, Nov. 13. Dan J. Sprague is engaged as manager.

"CHESNEY WOLD" is one of the best of the numerous dramatizations of Dickens' novel of "The Bleak House" which have been presented to the American public. During its representation at the Broadway Theatre, the past week, although the attendance was better than that of the previous week, it was not commensurate with the merits of the piece and of all of the artists in the cast, whose acting was phenomenally good. The management left nothing to be desired in the mounting of the play. The scene representing an apartment in Sir Leicester Dedlock's mansion, with a large opening at the back, through which a glimpse of a lawn and portions of the surrounding estate could be had, was highly effective. The impersonation of the dual characters of Lady Dedlock, the haughty aristocrat, and Hortense, her French waiting-maid, was imbued with such consummate art by Mme. Janauschek as to stamp her a great actress. Alexander Fitzgerald, who has lately assumed the roles of old men, gives indications of future artistic infamity with our language upon his tongue. Mr. Rogers will be seen in this city after an absence of several years. He was seen in a four-horse act, presenting a commanding appearance, and managing his horses with rare skill, while the various positions he assumed, although fraught with danger, were maintained with dignity and apparent ease. A temporary indisposition on the part of Miss Morlan from entering into friendly competition with the corps of vaulters, he having of late won no little reputation in that specialty. The spect

E, Hartford, Ct., the
pany in "Marriage"
Frank Mayo in "Davy
n Middletown, Ct., 21,
26.....Miss Rachel
ake her first appear-
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Gardner as Romeo,
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ov. 26. A compliment-
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a Hartford boy, re-
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-HOUSE, Troy, N. Y.,
is to perform Nov. 20
in "Louis XI".....

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. MacDonough as Mr.
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ia Nov. 19. Charlotte
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Harry Elsler, treas-
will return in a day

RA-HOUSE, Baltimore,
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tory was "Virginius"
ieu" 13, "Othello" 14,
16, and "The Gladia-
week excellent. Mr.
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and Opera-house, De-
Nov. 13 to a crowded
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They open in Toledo,
s the party in Chicago
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aving collapsed.

by his own "Davy
ed in the Providence
week. The following
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M. Charles, R. Thay-
nley, H. Bingham, J.
s. The new scenery
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ndent as appended:
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ra-house during the
capital features
continual laughter.
could be desired, the
n, Caroline of Emma
of Emma Pierce, Billy
rk of F. C. Huebner,
and Maffitt. Each
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s put upon the stage
s rather light. Mr.
for the week. Leonard
ombination opens 19.
ecks, and Oliver Doud
and Opera-house the
opened 12 in "Baby,"
e entire week to a
e farce has afforded
play of the season,
ise to the end.
ed. W. J. Lemoyne's
s the hit of the piece,
W. Collier as Baby,
, and Thomas B. Mac-
e weight of the play,
ppropriate parts. Mr.
Wyndham, Rose Lisle,
field, had less chance
their parts commend-
Combination opens 19.
the Robinson Opera-
week has proved
ville Ky., where they

They go next (this)
....W. S. Griffiths and
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hris Dominos," to a big
business all the week.
ly producing "Forbid-
duce Buckingham is

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old's Theatre, which
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while here, returned
Cleveland at Wood's
the intention here-

PLEAS, Philadelphia,
was tried Nov. 13 in
ler and Edward M.
ants, and Tracy W.
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efendants. This was
s for a breach of con-
nie Kemp bowler had
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eived $2,400 therefor-
red upon her duties,
forming at the Arch-
, only three weeks
harged. The reason
drunkenness; but she
the plaintiffs averred
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nts to employ another
her stead, whose ser-
a smaller sum than
be paid to deceased.
s she was compelled,
ty, to accept inferior
f amusement; and
Black Crook," at the
3 Callowhill streets,
a pedestal and died
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ch they averred was
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and Wilkesbarre. C.
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nations to Hendou's
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age. "Gemma" was
oy appearing during
in "As You Like It,"
," and "Romeo and

RE, Philadelphia, the
steadily increasing,
the company on Nov.

Captain George Lia-
a Sidelle in male im-
Harris' Arcade gym-
Frank Mara. Jennie
ne ballet corps have
announced for Nov.
d Hanson and Rich-
ted twice last week
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heatre, in that city,
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Elks will give their
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at the Arch-street
26, for one week, in

st" attracted an ex-
tnut-street Theatre,
d will be followed
d Nov. 26 by "The

dian and stage-man-
bell's Combination,
Nellie, child actress,
s Combination, this
that company.
COMPANY are to per-
Nov. 19, Washington
ll, each one week.
of Music, Montreal,
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r last week in Ham-

from Booth's The-
mmon, N. Y., Dec. 3,
roy 7, 8. "Life" and
epertory.
ow" Combination is
Theatre, St. Louis,
Nov. 19, and Grand
Dec. 3, one week.
any are booked for
ork, Ia., 21, Gales-
3, and Burlington,

Morrison's company
Nov. 12, Rochester
, 15, Clinton, Ia., 17,
s 19, 20, Keokuk 21,

ATRE, Philadelphia,
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ent: Lockport Dec.
se 13, and Utica 14.

THEATRE COMPANY
son, N. J., Nov. 24.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON, MASS., up to Nov. 18 are thus reported by our correspondent:

Augustin Daly's comedy of "Leonora" received its first performance in this city at the Boston Museum, Nov. 12, when it was presented with the following cast: Jack Ferguson, Chas. Barron; Bennie Stark, F. G. Cotter; Lord Lotus, R. F. McCannin; Major Gooseberry, Wm. Warren; Drummer, Geo. W. Wilson; John, J. Nolan; Mary Stark, Miss Annie Clarke; Mrs. Elizabeth Victoria Stark, Mrs. J. H. Vincent; Maggie, Miss Lizzie Harold; Bertha Maybrook, Miss Georgia Tyler; Lady Emma Lotus, Little Janet; Annie, Miss Lillian Brown. It proved to be an amusing production, and, though not destined to a long popularity, it answers the purpose for which it was written, and affords an evening of light, cheerful amusement. It was capitally acted. Mr. Warren, carrying off the largest share of the honors by his excellent performance of the Major. The piece was admirably produced, but one scene being required throughout the play, but that was elaborately set, and as untheatrical as possible. On the evening of 17 Miss Annie Clarke received her benefit, when she appeared as Madame De Fontarcen in "Pink and Pearl-colored," and Katherine in "Katharine and Petruchio." Business throughout the week good. The present will be the last week of "Lemons," the benefit of Mr. Barron occurring on the evening of 24, when he appears as Richard III. "The Soldier of Fortune," a romantic drama from the French, by Fred Williams, is to receive its first production in Boston 26 next. There have been but two representatives of "Henry V" seen in Boston during the last twenty years—George Vandenhoff and George Rignold. Mr. Vandenhoff appeared as the title hero at the Boston Theatre for three nights during the week of April 6, 1857. It was not a success, and remained unknown to all save the Shake-spearian student till the advent of Mr. Rignold, two years ago, at the same house. He was produced at the Globe Theatre 12, and has seen performed to large audiences during the latter part of the week in the house being crowded. Mr. Rignold has gained his popularity by his manly, earnest and dignified personation of the title role, although he seems a little worn by the physical labor imposed on him. For a work of such magnitude, it was well done in its entirety, the mounting, perhaps, claiming the first notice, it being correct in its historical scenes, and the adjunct being appropriate in numerous and faithful to nature. The cast embraced the services of upwards of forty people (though some were doubled), made up of Mr. Stetson's artists who have been employed at his other theatre, with Mr. Rignold's own traveling support—Marie Brabrook, Marie Wainwright, Pearl Eytinge, Louise Palmer, William Scalding and Manes A. Meade. It is needless to individualize, but all played well, and in some cases more than well. Mr. Stetson has shown such good intentions in the presentation, that too much praise cannot be awarded him. "Romeo and Juliet" will be the attraction, with Stuart Robson and William H. Crane in the principal characters, J. H. Bradford's new comedy, "Our Bachelors," will perhaps be produced during this engagement.....Miss Maggie Mitchell, at the Boston Theatre, during the last week of her engagement, gave four performances of "Fanchon" to crowded houses. Nelly and Ryan are the stellar attractions. Ernest Lindegees East 14. Kelly and Leon and the Ada Richmond Combination are announced.....Rickey and McCarthy, Jennie Hart and Abe C. Moreland are the prominent people at Adelphi Theatre. Business good.....Baldwin's Theatre opens 12 with Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., Jenny Morant and others in "Les Danicheis."..... The city is full of disengaged professionals of all kinds and conditions. If ladies and gentlemen of the profession think they really must come to California let them, for their own sake, throw away the commonly exaggerated idea of the immense amount of money awaiting their arrival.....Modjeska has played another successful week in the interior. She will appear at the California Theatre Dec 3.....The Kellogg Company give two concerts at Salt Lake 14, 15.....J. M. Ward's Parasite Company open at San Jose 12 with Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Fred G. Maeder and J. H. Vinson are members of the company.....The Richard Bernard-Sara Company and the Egyptian Comic-opera Company are doing Oregon.....James A. Herne, John Woodard and John Carr are doing the legitimate in Sacramento.

THE BOUCICAULT "Shaughraun" Combination, at Milwaukee, the past week, performed at the Academy of Music to a most excellent business. The route ahead is Minneapolis, Minn., 19, 20, La Crosse 21, Rochester 22, Rock Island 23, Davenport 24, Iowa City 26, Des Moines 27, Ottumwa 28, Keokuk 29, and Quincy 30, Dec. 1. They left Milwaukee, Wis., for their tour through the Northwest, chartering a special train, consisting of locomotive, baggage-car and sleeping-car. They started at 12 o'clock Wednesday evening, Nov. 14, arriving in Madison, Wis., at 11 o'clock Thursday morning, having been detained at Portage three hours, as a freight-train had run off the track just ahead of them. The company took the same train at midnight of Thursday, Nov. 15, at Madison, for St. Paul, where they arrived 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, Nov. 16. This party retain this train up to Davenport, Iowa.

MR. and Mrs. NOBLES and combination are to visit Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 19, 20, Montgomery, Ala., 21, 22, Selma 23, Mobile 24, and New Orleans, La., 25, for one week.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY, whose address is published in our business department, begins an engagement at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass., Dec. 24.

N. C. GOODWIN Jr., comedian and burlesque actor, who has for the past year been the principal comedian with the "Evangeline" Combination, opens at the Theatre Comique, this city, Nov. 19. He can be addressed for engagements as per card.

W. E. CHAPMAN sails for London, Eng., Nov. 21. He announces that he will transact business matters for authors, actors and managers who are looking for European engagements, and can be communicated with as per advertised address.

THE TEXAS JACK COMBINATION are to perform at Bradford, Pa., Nov. 19, 20, Jamestown 21, Warren 22, Titusville 23, and Meadville 24.

FROM NEW ORLEANS, LA., our correspondent's letter, dated Nov. 13, is as follows: "Miss Kate Claxton's engagement at the Varieties Theatre has proved very attractive, her audiences seeming rather to increase than diminish with each successive performance. So great seemed the desire to see Miss Claxton in the role of Louise in 'The Two Orphans,' that other pieces underlined by the management were withdrawn, and this drama retained its place upon the boards, receiving its final performance Nov. 11. On the 12th the theatre was again crowded to see the star in 'Conscience,' which was well received. R. C. Winter, who made his first appearance here on this occasion since severing his connection with Mr. Knight and the Worrell Sisters' Combination, made as much as possible of the role of Eustace Lawton. The remainder of the support was, in the main, creditable. The play will remain on until 15, when 'Frou-Frou' is announced. A season of grand opera is promised to open at the Varieties Theatre 26, under the direction of J. C. Freyer.....

At Bidwell's Academy of Music, Mr. Knight and the Worrells closed 10, and on the 11th the Lingard Combination opened a two weeks' engagement, Miss Alice Lingard and Leonard Lingard appearing as Miss Stuart in 'Heart and Crown.' The support was generally good. After the drama Wm. Horace Lingard gave one of his excessively droll and laughter-provoking characterizations in the farce entitled 'Peter White.' 'The Lady of Lyons' is underlined for matinee 14, 'La Mascotte' 15, 'The Vestal' and 'Simon Simple' 16. The Lingard Combination, at the close of the present engagement, will visit Houston, Austin, San Antonio, and Galveston, Texas. Milton Nobles is the next star, announced to open 25."

THE ROBERT MCWADE COMPANY played "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Fern" Nov. 8, 9, 10, in Dickson's Opera-house, Indianapolis, Ind., to moderate business. Our correspondent says: "After the evening performance 10 the company broke up. It was organized three weeks since by Walter Lennox—who has been manager—for a thirteen weeks' engagement. The first week's salary was not even paid. Miss Marie T. Courcelles and another lady returned to their homes, and the rest of the company were reorganized by Messrs. Dickson and Petty, and took the road in under the management of J. B. Dickson.....Rice's 'Evangeline' Combination played 12, 13, 14, to packed houses; 12 witnessed the debut of Miss Kate McDowell of this city, a comparative amateur, in the role of Gabriel, here-tofore assigned to Miss Eliza Weatherby. She required little apparent coaching, and acted with an ease that bespoke rather long familiarity with the stage than a first appearance before the foot-lights. She has a fresh, fair voice, not overstrong nor yet unduly weak, an attractive appearance, and, considering she only had Miss Neville in two rehearsals, did extraordinarily well. The Evangeline of Miss Vente Clancey was attractive and piquant. Particularly attractive was her rendition of "Where Art Thou Now, My Beloved?" Richard Golden made a first appearance in Le Blanc, a part which has heretofore been taken by Mr. Goodwin, and, notwithstanding his brief preparation, he made a good impression. The company opens in Cincinnati 19 for one week, Louisville 26, for a like period.....Fanny Davenport is to appear in the Grand Opera-house 26, for one week.....Miss Fanny McDowell, sister of Kate McDowell, mentioned above, has chosen the stage as her profession, and made her debut in Fort Wayne, Ind., 15, in 'Evangeline.'

.....Jos. Murphy opened here 15 in 'Kerry Gow' for three nights and Sunday matinee.....Lotta and the "BUFFALO BILL" and company reappeared at Music Hall, Portland, Me., Nov. 15, to a large house. Route ahead: Lowell, Mass., 19, Worcester 20, 21, Springfield 22, Hartford, Ct., 23, New Haven 24, Bridgeport 26, Pittsfield, Mass., 27, No. Adams 28, Cohoes, N. Y., 29, Troy 30, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, Gloversville 5, Utica 6, Syracuse 8, Auburn 10, Medina 11, Lockport 12, Rochester 13, 14, 15, Buffalo 17, 18, 19, Cleveland, O., 20, 21, 22, Toledo 24, 25.....The Buckstell Comedy Company opened in Fanny Marsh's Theatre 16, for two nights and matinee to a fair business.....The benefit for Stage-carpenter Page was not the pecuniary success it should have been, but a small sum being realized over the expenses. The programme consisted of "Home" and "Turn," with clog and dancing by local amateurs. The participants were the Misses Belle Bailey, Fanny Marsh, Adele Smith, Miss Baker, Messrs. O. A. Robinson, C. R. Leonard, G. W. Elwell, A. K. Adams and A. W. Jones. The engagements at this house are: 19, for one week, Eccentric Entertainers; 26, for one week, Trocadero; for one week, Lizzie May Ulmer and a dramatic company; Dec. 17, one week, Hartz the magician.....John Stetson is booked at Music Hall for Thanksgiving day.....Miss Fanny Marsh is not in raiding to San Francisco, as has been announced, but is in this city, where she proposes to remain for the present. Letter of Nov. 17.

C. W. BARRY and a company performed in Reading, Pa., Nov. 15, 16.

MRS. MOLLIE BARNARD has joined the Agnes Wallace Comedy Company.

MS. COPIES of some of the latest successful plays are offered for sale by John F. Ryan, who advertises.

F. C. BANGS' COMBINATION, under the management of C. L. Graves, played "The Soldiers' Trust" in Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 14, 15, to fair houses. Route: Madison, Wis., 19, Davenport, Ia., 20, 21, Burlington 22, Quincy 23, 24, Springfield, Ill., 26, 27.....Fortesque's Comedy Company were in Grand Rapids, Mich., 16, 17.....Wallace Sisters are to be there 21, 22, Big Rapids 23, Greenville 24, Ionia 26, Hastings 27, Lansing 29, Owasso 30, and Fentonville Dec. 1.

LOTTA, under the management of Henry E. Abbey, is to perform in Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 19, Oswego 20, Watertown 21, Utica 22, Troy 23, 24, Worcester, Mass., 26, Springfield 27, New Haven, Ct., 28, Hartford 29, Newport, R. I., 30, New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 1, Fall River 3, 4, Providence, R. I., 5, 6, 7, 8, Boston, Mass., 10 to 15, 17 to 22, one week. The company includes the Misses Florence Noble, Agnes Proctor, Mrs. A. F. Baker, Messrs. Frank Evans, P. A. Anderson, H. B. Norman, Walter C. Kelly, Ed. Marble, Harry Lacey, and James Smith. Mazo Edwards will be business-manager and treasurer; J. W. Jones, leader of orchestra: E. Marble, stage-manager.

TAGS.—Among those volunteers at the Elks Benefit for whose appearance there was no opportunity was Miss Virginia Dare.....Master B. Woolf's Juvenile Concert is announced for Wood's Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 29.....The Norfolk (Va.) public, as well as performers visiting that city, complain that the "Academy of Music" is a misnomer as applied to the Opera-house. The Oddfellows' Building Association is called upon by the Norfolk press to remedy it.....W. Canning of Pittsburg, Pa., is playing this city on the 16th.....William P. Powell, manager of the Richmond, Va., Theatre, arrived in Norfolk on the 13th, as also did James Heywood, agent for Heywood's Combination.....Texas Jack" is fond of the hunt or guide, just as parties needing his services require.....Charles Jefferson, son of Joseph, is farming in the Petaluma country, Louisiana.....It is announced that Miss Dolly Woolwine, soubrette of the Shakespeare Club, Cincinnati, is about to adopt the professional stage.....A. S. Hummel, the well-known Louisville manager, has temporarily dramatic critic of *The Call* of San Francisco, is with Clay M. Greene the joint author of the new comedy drama, "Two Nights in San Francisco," as a result of which the highest score ever reached on the Pacific coast (137 runs), he was catcher of the California Baseball Club in 1875, and as a standing jumper his 12ft. 2½in. (ride CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1877).....Mr. Thompson's son, Joseph Jefferson is to spend Christmas with friends in Baltimore.....Mark Thall is advance agent for J. K. Emmet, who began in "Fritz" at Ford's Opera-house, Oakland, Cal., Nov. 12.....Mrs. Rachel Macauley and her company opened at Washington Opera-house, Memphis, Tenn., on Wed. 14.....Mrs. Scott-Siddons is booked by storm.....Edwin Booth and wife returned on Nov. 15 to the Gait House, Louisville, Ky., from a trip to the Mammoth Cave, where, near the Star Saloon, Gatch's Coffin, he laid the corner stone of a monument to Shakespeare. At last advices he was on his way East.

MUSICAL.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY sang at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., during the expired week. They presented "The Summer-night's Dream" Nov. 12, "The Chimes of Normandy" 13, 14. It was announced for 15, but owing to serious illness Miss Melville was unable to appear, and "The Bohemian Girl" was substituted, Miss Louise Searle essaying the part of Arline. "The Chimes of Normandy" was repeated 16, and matinee 17. "Fra Diavolo" concluded a successful week's performance. The Aimee Opera Company commence a week's engagement Nov. 20.

GEO. C. DOBSON's new school for the guitar has just been published by White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass. The work contains an amount of general instruction in music, a dictionary of musical terms, a simple chart clearly explained series of lessons on the guitar, by which a pupil may be enabled to obtain a good general idea of the instrument, and a number of exercises and popular airs. The method is admirably adapted for those desirous of quickly mastering the difficulties of the instrument.

JOHN MAGEZ advertises that his banjo, violin and guitar instruction-books are now ready.

THE GRAND GERMAN BAND opened a season of concerts in the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., Nov. 11, "promising some of the choicest band music ever heard in that city. Prices during this engagement have been reduced to 50 cents for the choicest portions of the house.

THE ELKS CONCERT.—The first grand concert given by Louisville (Ky.) Lodge No. 8, B. P. O. E., came off at Public Library Hall, Nov. 13, and it was a far greater success than anticipated. The hall was completely full, and the entertainment was excellent. The opening address by Bro. Marc Munday, violin-solo by Prof. Nathan Franko, contralto-solo by Miss Anna Bierman, select reading by Mrs. Mattie Shanks, and soprano-solo by Mrs. Friedenheimer, were worthy of special mention.

IT WAS NOT ALICE OATES who was robbed of her watch recently in Troy, N. Y., but a lady member of her company.

ALICE OATES' OPERA TROUPE performed in Oil City, Pa., Nov. 15, 16, Parker City 17, and is billed in Millerstown 19, Petrolia 20, Franklin 21, Meadville 22, 23, Youngstown, O., 24, Pittsburg, Pa., 26, 27, Wheeling, W. Va., 28, 29.

"MY PRETTY RED ROSE," a new song by Skelly, and others, with orchestral arrangements, are advertised by Frederick Blume in another column.

A TENOR, with a knowledge of "Martha," "Trovatore" and "The Bohemian Girl," can secure an engagement for a tour through Canada by addressing as per advertisement.

A WELL-KNOWN SINGER, who is shortly to make a tour through the South and California, wishes a party with experience and capital as manager. See "Manager's" card elsewhere.

GEO. C. DOBSON's instruction-books and banjos are advertised in another column.

CHAS. F. WELTZIEN, double-bass and tuba player, advertises for an engagement.

SPALDING'S BELLRINGERS performed in Maynard, Mass., Nov. 15, Hudson 16, Milford 17, and are announced for Upton 19, Hopkinton 20, Ashland, 21, Southboro 22, Holliston 23, and Natick 24. This party will close in Fitchburg Dec. 1, for the purpose of reorganizing a larger company, and will take the road again on or about Jan. 10, 1878.

"LA MARJOLAINE" was presented by the Aimee Troupe at the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 12, for the first time in that city, attracting a very large attendance. It was performed until Nov. 16, when, for Aimee's benefit, "La Jolie Parfumeuse" was given, in which Aimee sang in English "Pretty as a Picture" and "She's Just a Sweet Bouquet." The two concluding performances, afternoon and evening, Nov. 17, consisted of "La Marjolaine" and "La Grande Duchesse."

GILMORE'S BAND gave a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Nov. 15, assisted by Brignoli and Miss Sallie Reber as soloists. The attendance was large.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY commence a one week's engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 19, appearing in "Chimes of Normandy."

CAMILLA URSO and company are to appear in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 22.

IN NEW HAVEN, CT., Theodore Thomas is to give a concert Nov. 21, Chas. Elliott an organ recital 24.

AT HOOLEY'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., Fryer's Opera Troupe had a very successful average week ending Nov. 17. The operas were all given in German. "Les Huguenots" 12, "The Flying Dutchman" 13, "Faust" 14, Lohengrin" 15 and matinee 17, "Robert le Diable" 16, "Fra Diavolo" 17. A special Sunday bill is to be given 18 —"Der Freischutz." This week, their last, a season of Italian opera is to be given.

MRS. JULIA RIVE-KING, assisted by Anna Drasdil and M. W. Whitney, gave a concert at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, 14, the house being filled.....Miss Fanny Maneeli, assisted by local talent, concertized at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, 13.....The first rehearsal of the chorus of the musical festival to be held in Cincinnati in May, 1878, took place at Melodeon Hall, in that city, 16. There were present six local and one Dayton organizations. The latter were feasted at the Cincinnati Club House.....The new Cincinnati Music Hall is under roof, and will be completed in time for the festival next May.

MUSIC IN BALTIMORE, MD.—Emma Thursby appears in concert at the New Academy of Music Nov. 22, 23, assisted by Joseph Maas, W. T. Carleton, and S. G. Pratt, pianist.....Mrs. Gould, pianist, presided at that insrument at a public concert Nov. 15.....A complimentary concert was to be given annie A. Sutton at Lehman's Hall Nov. 19. Among the volunteers were Amalia Mondaga, Emma Pistoli, Mr. Jones and Mr. Caulfield.....A Liederkrantz concert was given at the Concordia Opera-house Nov. 16. The soloists were Lizzie Krueger, John Schomann, Justis Bitter, Katie Benner, and Stephen Stelzmueller. Prof. J. H. Beswald was director, and Prof. F. Mittel pianist.

MATTERS MUSICAL in Troy, N. Y., are reported as follows: "Aunt Polly Bassett's entertainments closed abruptly with matinee 17, after light business 15 and 16.....The Louise Oliver company concertizes 20; with National Rabbi Haunt Jan. 1, 1878.....Camilla Urso and company 21.....Hutchinson Family—tribe of Asa—Dec. 3."

THE HOLMAN ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE closed a week's season Nov. 17 at the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house to a fair business.

THE GUY FAMILY, who are now performing in the Eastern States, have been the recipients of the following notice from a Winsted, Ct., paper:

The Guy Family made their first appearance to a Winsted audience on Friday and Saturday evenings, and fully sustained the glowing tributes which the press of the country is bestowing upon them wherever they appear. Large audiences greeted them each evening, and a more pleasing and entertaining performance was rarely witnessed in this town, though the Opera-house has hadbehind its footlights such noted persons as Miss Kellogg, Parepa, Adelaide Phillips and Miss Louise Pyne, which holding equally as high positions in the theatrical world. We hope they will call again, as we long to see Little Arthur, and Miss Lulu and Master Willie, as pictured in dear William H. Guy execute one of his charming cornet solos once more, and our Teutonic friend Geo. R. Guy rattle his bones again. The Guy brothers are decidedly the best artists in Ethiopian business we have seen.

MUSICAL EVENTS in Boston, Mass., past and to come, are thus chronicled by our correspondent:

The Young Apollo Club of New York performed before a crowded house at Music Hall Nov. 15, the fourth course of entertainments.....Miss Lillian Shattuck, the young violinist, gave a matinee at Union Hall 14, aided by Carl Wulf Fries as violoncellist; Miss Mary Kelley, pianist; Miss Lillian Bailey, soprano; and Lillian Chandler, Lettie Lounder, and Abbie Shepardson, a trio of Junior Richmond Pianists.....Theodore Thomas and his Brooklyn orchestra occurred in Music Hall evening of 14 and afternoon of 17. Besides the orchestra, there also appeared Leopold Lichtenberg, violoncello, and the Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartet.....W. H. Sherwood, pianist, gave the first of two concerts at Union Hall on the afternoon of 16.....'Il Trovatore' and 'Bohemian Girl' were sung during the evening of 17 by the Anna Granger Dow English opera Company, assisted by Joseph Maas and Wm. T. Carleton, for the benefit of Miss Dow.....The second Harvard symphony concert will occur in Music Hall afternoon of 22.....George E. Whiting will give the sixth in his series of organ-recitals at Music Hall.....Theodore Thomas and organ-recitalist, Mr. Fanny Kellogg and Master Leopold Lichtenburg appear in the Old Bay State Course in Music Hall 19.....W. J. D. Leavitt, assisted by his pupils, is to give a musicale at Union Square Hall 21. The first of the series of dime concerts, under the direction of J. Jay Watson, will be given in Music Hall 23.....Miss Emma Thursby will give two concerts in Music Hall, under A. P. Peck's management, commencing Dec. 12.....Miss Amy Fay gives her first piano-recital in Chickering Hall afternoon 27.....Mr. Mueller's recitals take place at Horticultural Hall Dec. 5, 12, 19.....Miss Winslow announces a concert at Union Hall for 22.....Miss Hattie Louise Simms and Mr. Whitney, of J. C. D. Parker and August and Wulf Fries.....Carl Zerrahn has been elected president of the Boston Musician's Union.....Thomas W. Henry, formerly of Edwin Booth's company, leader of the orchestra, and who is John C. Mullaly's successor as leader of the Boston Cornet Band, and J. B. Clancy has become its musical director.....The Monday Popular concerts will be inaugurated at the Boston Theatre Nov. 25.

SHARPS AND FLATS.—Henry Otto, influential through his wonderful musical instinct, and his many years' service in connection with the Leiderkranz and the Musical Fund and Philharmonic Society, died in Hoboken, N. J., on Nov. 15, at an age that could not have been much short of seventy years.....Foley and Sheridan, of Cincinnati; Annie Hindle, to Chicago; Ezzeline Sisters, New York; Fannie Knight, Cheyenne, W. T.; Harry Blanchard and Della Sheppard, no destination. Announced for 19. Emma Jutau, Geo. W. Brown, Adrienne Grey, Will H. Stowe, Lena Sylvester, Hinkson and Kalmazoo; Dolse & Allen, Johnny Reilly, Cleveland; Jas. Porter, Burt Clark, Chicago.

THE NEW FACES appearing at Gilmore's Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 12, were Gibbons and Russell, who closed after the first night's performance; Adams and Lee; the Morosco Family, four in number; the two Elder Daly Brothers—Thomas and William, who, aided by their two younger brothers—Danny and Jack, constitute the Benevolent Fund, to the development of which he contributed with his means. The histor of Henry Otto, published in the Cincinnati papers, is one of the most comprehensive for a newspaper. It is in large part the history of Hoboken, social and political, as well as musical, for many years. He conducted the first concert on Nov. 23 at Stelzway Hall, this city, which may also be his only one.....The harmonic Society of Hamilton, Ont., will give a concert Dec. 4.....Miss Pauline Keller, daughter of L. L. Keller of Cincinnati, O., left that city on the 12th inst. for this whence she will go to Boston to enter upon a two years' course of musical study.....Carl Retter, of Buffalo has secured to sing at the Apollo Club concert in Chicago, Ill., on Dec. 5, and in Salem, Mass., on Dec. 12.....The Stengerbund of Cincinnati filed articles of incorporation on Nov. 16. The trustees are Ed. Hergshausen, August Reinhardt and Joel H. Steinberg.....Hirlo Sedano, a native of Cuba, has composed a song which is to sing in that language in Vienna.....At Oxford, O., on Nov. 15, Mrs. Josephine S. Weller, with the co-operation of her entire family, gave a musical entertainment in which drama and music were conjoined.....Mme. Essipoff has been engaged to give forty concerts in Germany.....San Francisco has turned out two new ballads.....Nur Morgen's Gentle Breeze and Low," and "Meet Me, Millie, in the Gloaming."..... The Mozart Association of Richmond, Va., gave its seventy-ninth musicale on the 19th inst.....Kate Logan Lobban is to appear on Nov. 25 to inaugurate a series of Sunday night concerts at the Boston Theatre. Admission to all parts of the house will be twenty-five cents.....It is rumored that Miss Dora Wiley will withdraw from the Sol Smith Russell Troupe, and that her place will be taken by Miss Mary Wells.....Miss Laura Schirmer is to sing in Fall River, Mass., Nov. 22, with Miss Mathilde Phillipps and others.

VARIETY HALLS.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to Nov. 16 is given by our correspondent as follows: "The new appearances at Foley & Sheridan's Theatre, Nov. 12, were Minnie Rainforth in motto-songs, Inez De Pew in vocalisms, and T. J. Nolan in the drama 'Lost at Sea.' Business light. Sunday performances have been resumed. Departures: Gilday and Gilmore, Boston; Sallie Hall, Cleveland; and Walling, and Sellon and Burns, all for St. Louis; Moore and Lessinger, Toledo; Walter Fletcher, Sandusky; Inez De Pew and Tommy Nell. Opening 18: Sam Ryan in 'The Great Strike,' the Continental Four, Charles Foster and Jennie and Donnelly and Drew.....Charles E. Emmett in his Irish drama of 'Dashing Charley,' Pat Riely in songs of Erin, Ada Lynwood, balladist, and the Sharpleys in their well-known musical act were the fresh appearances at the Coliseum 12. Biz fair. Departures: Charles Foster, Boston; Sallie Hall, Cleveland; Sherwood, J. H. Graham, Le Claire Sisters, Jennie Ward, Haley Brothers, Sam Swaine and Carrie Leon, the last two to the Fourth-avenue, Pittsburg. Opening 19: Burton Stanley Combination, Azurine, and Monroe, and Angie Schott.....George Evans, Frank Lawrence and Don Cesar, in the sensational drama 'Wide-awake,' Gus Mills in feminine impersonations and Ed. Banker in 'mystic changes' were the novelties 12 at Heuck's. Crowded houses. Closing: Lawrence and Don Cesar, Peoria Coliseum, Chicago; and J. Franklin Warner's Platoon-dancers, New York. To open 19: Kate Fisher in 'Mazeppa;' Elsa Canissa and Johnny Shay. After the latter's engagement, he will double with Kate Fletcher to produce the drama of 'Goldust.'.....Ed. Wadsworth, comedian, and Burt Stowe in 'mystic changes' were added to the company at the Eldorado 12. Biz good.....Adele Leonard, operatic vocalist; Leo and Hulms, gymnasts; Amy De Lorris, serio-comic; and H. H. Stowe in 'mystic changes;' Perry Brothers, comedians; and Herr Pfaun and Anna Marion in German acts and songs opened at Shickling's 12. Biz fair.....It is noteworthy that each of the four 'over the Rhine' halls had a 'mystic-change' artist this week.....The old Lindell Hall, on Elm street, is giving way to the Theatre, and that Nat Hyams intends taking it, closing the National."

VARIETY STARS and combinations desiring engagements at the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., are requested to address Al Kernan, proprietor. Twenty-five ladies are wanted for ballet.

FEMALE SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted for Ninon Ducios' Troupe of Blondes. See advertisement.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS are wanted for the opening of the season (Dec. 3) at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O. Address Nat Hyams, manager.

MISS. ANNIE FOX has repaid into the treasury of New York Lodge, No. 1, B. P. O. Elks, the amount expended by the Lodge in the funeral expenses of her deceased husband, Jas. Fox.

CHARLOITE M. STANLEY was compelled to break her engagement in Pittsburg, Pa., last week, in consequence of being detained in Hamilton, Ont., to prosecute a suit against an express company there for losing some of her manuscript plays.

PETER BAKER'S Variety Troupe, Hot Springs, Ark., was to have opened Nov. 17. Among the company were Burt Shepard, late of Haverly's New Orleans Minstrels, Marsh Adams, and Lawton and Mcclone.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS are wanted at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, and incompetents are cautioned that they must close after the first night. Address the manager, as per card.

EMMERSON AND CLARK and the Daly Brothers add 50 minutes daily in their sensational act entitled "Nonsense."

JOHN M. TURNER, banjoist, whose address find in another column, has vacant dates in Jan. and Feb., 1878.

A LEADER and second-violinst who can play brass is wanted at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich. Address W. B. Smith, manager.

MARIETTA VENESSIA is to perform in her tight-rope specialty at the Theatre Comique, this city, Dec. 3.

WILLIS PICKERT, clog-dancer, is now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.

MISS ALICE KEMP.—Some time ago we published a letter from this lady, then sojourning in Moscow, Russia, detailing the treatment she had received from the Majilions, with whom she was engaged to perform. We now give space to a letter from one of the Majilions:

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, Oct. 21, 1877.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In reply to the erroneous statement of Miss Alice Kemp, recently published in The CLIPPER, I beg to state that I do not owe her one cent. She is indebted to me heavily for medical and other attendance we had to pay. We advanced her a considerable amount of money before she came to England. She is not known as Alice Majilion, but as Alice Kemp. She is not paying in Moscow, nor will she play there during the Winter. Apologizing for trespassing upon your space, I am yours truly, MAJILION.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., the bill presented the past week proved acceptable to large and satisfied audiences, it being strictly of the old-time variety order. An entire change in the programme is to be made for the week of 19, "The Devil's Auction" being the principal piece, with Mafitt, Bartholomew, Helene Mennelli, and pantomime and dramatic company. The specialty artists comprise Schoolcraft and Coes, Suydam, Clifton, Forepaugh and Suydam, the Ainsleys, Mlle. Romelli and Senor Espinoza, Bonnie Runnells, Willis Pickert, Charles H. Duncan, and Annie and Andy Hughes.....At the Boylston Musuem crowded houses attended each performance during the past week, including that of 15, which was set apart for the benefit of W. H. Whitenect, former business-manager of this house. A prize was given for the best original conundrum, and Dexter Smith's was considered the best out of over two hundred sent in competition. The

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
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McDaniels' New Theatre was crowded last night to witness the opening of this popular place of amusement for the Winter season. Every available seat was taken, both on the floor and in the boxes, and before the curtain rose the excellent orchestra kept the audience in eager expectancy.

We would like to speak of each part as presented, but suffice it to say that every piece was well rendered and elicited its round of applause.

The performance commenced with Mlle. Cerito's original Ballet Pantomime entitled "The Dumb Dance," which was decidedly good, and the characters were well represented by Mlle. Cerito as Rosanna, Lizzie Lamareaux, Walter Parks and George Redmon. Great credit is given Mlle. Cerito for this highly-interesting pantomime.

Miss Carrie Lewis responded to two encores in the presentation of her specialties. She has a rich and strong voice, and looks to her laurels as an actress.

Miss Lizzie Venn took the place of Miss Carrie Duval, who was ill, and was warmly applauded and encored.

The applause which greeted the well-known Skatorial King, James McDonald, was courteously acknowledged, and he was kept dancing until almost worn out before the audience would consent to part with him.

The Valdis Twin Sisters were greeted with almost deafening applause, and they certainly performed their wonderful Trapeze acts with better effect than ever before. Mr. McDaniels had arranged and used a calcium light to heighten the effect, which was surely a "happy hit." It we should attempt to describe their wonderful and perilous acts we should entirely fail. To be appreciated they must be seen.

Baby McDonald appeared in her new specialties and character changes. She is, indeed, a wonderful child. Her rich, strong voice, and the ease and grace with which she renders her pieces, make her the favorite of all.

Those carrying out the balance of the programme rendered their parts with good effect, and we hope to soon give each a personal notice.

We do not know how many persons were present. The number is estimated at from 700 to 1,000, and Manager McDaniels seemed to manage that many people with as much ease and good nature as he would fifty. Take the entertainment as a whole and it was a grand success, and bespeaks a liberal patronage for Mr. McDaniels.—CHEYENNE GAZETTE.

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